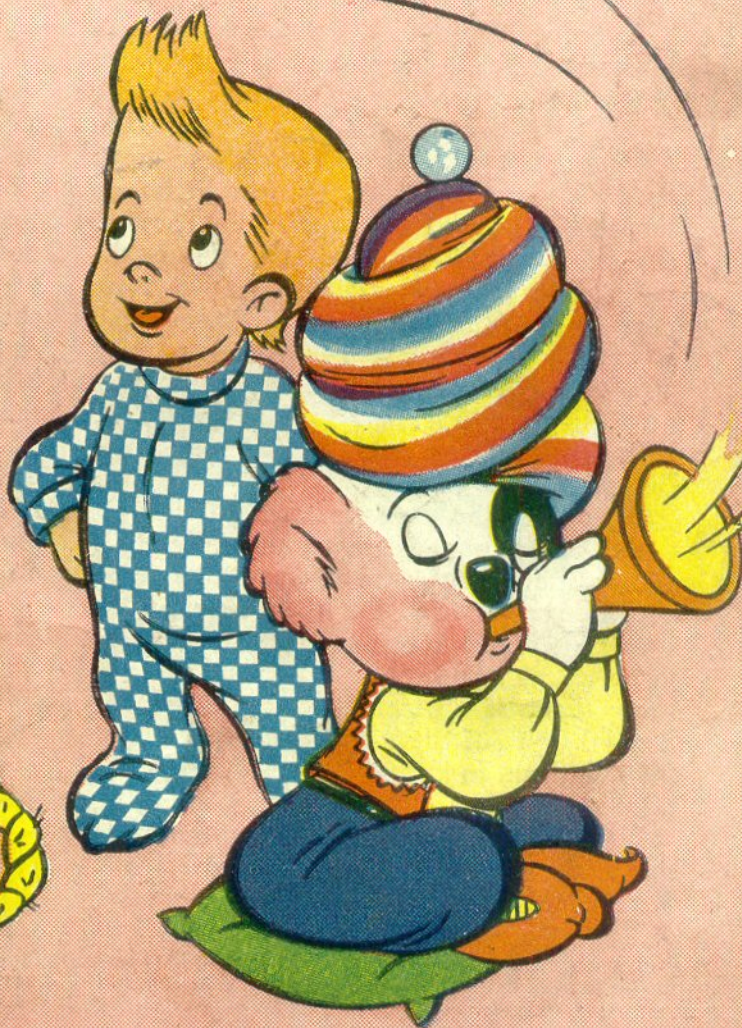


TICK TOCK TALES

AUGUST
No. 8

10¢





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A LONG WAY FROM PIXERARY

"I'M just sick and tired of Pixerary, Polly. Always the same people and the same things to do. Let's just steal away out into the world."

"O-o-o, how wonderful, Pete! I'm tired of Pixerary too and I want to see what the rest of the world is like."

Polly ran off hurriedly to pack her clothes in a walnut shell. She wanted to be ready when Pete called for her. She didn't have to wait very long. She had scarcely finished packing when Pete was there, his little walnut suitcase in his hand. Now, you remember that the Pixies are the smallest people in the woodlands. They are smaller than even the smallest insects in the forest. And here were Pete and Polly Pixie ready to leave their little town of Pixerary and go out into a world which they knew nothing about. And don't forget how much bigger everything and everybody in that world is. Ever so much bigger than Pete and Polly Pixie. But they didn't care.

So, when nobody was looking, off they set down the road out of Pixerary and into the big wide world. They gazed in astonishment at everything they saw. But they were getting tired and decided to rest near the river and go in for a swim. Now, in Pixerary they swam in water that was no more than a puddle. But here, the size of the tremendous river didn't frighten them. In jumped Polly with Pete right after her.

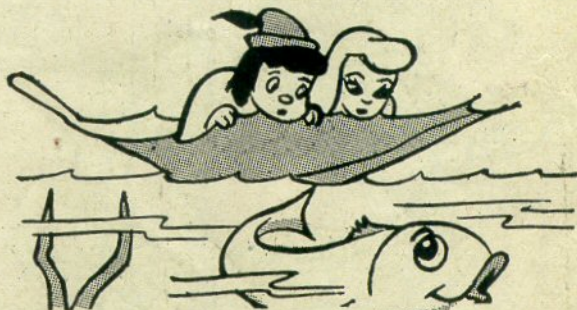
It was while they were playing in the water that Polly saw a beautiful fan-shaped object. What could that be? It was such a pretty color

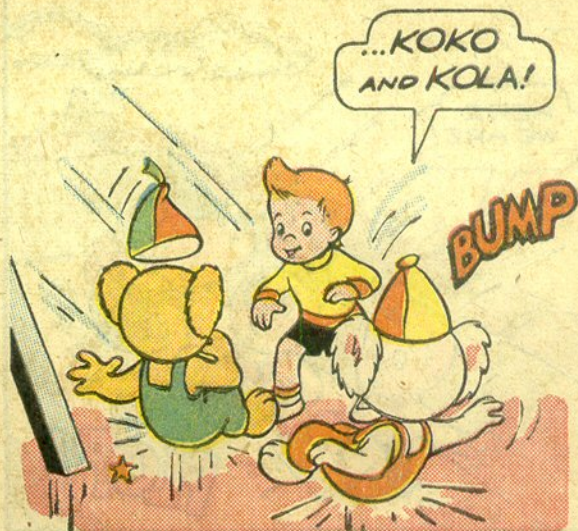
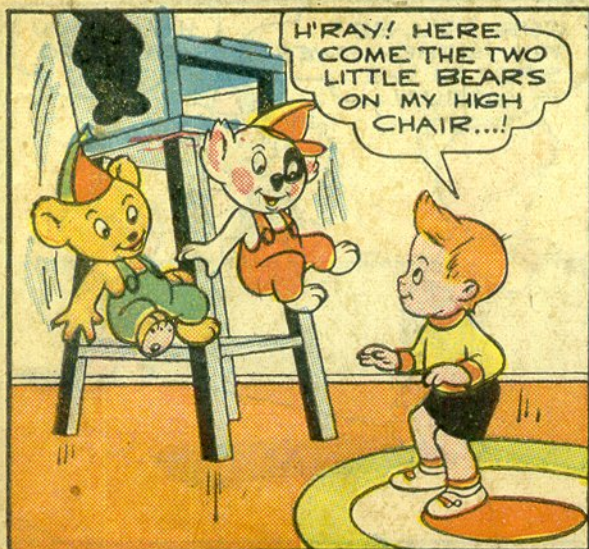
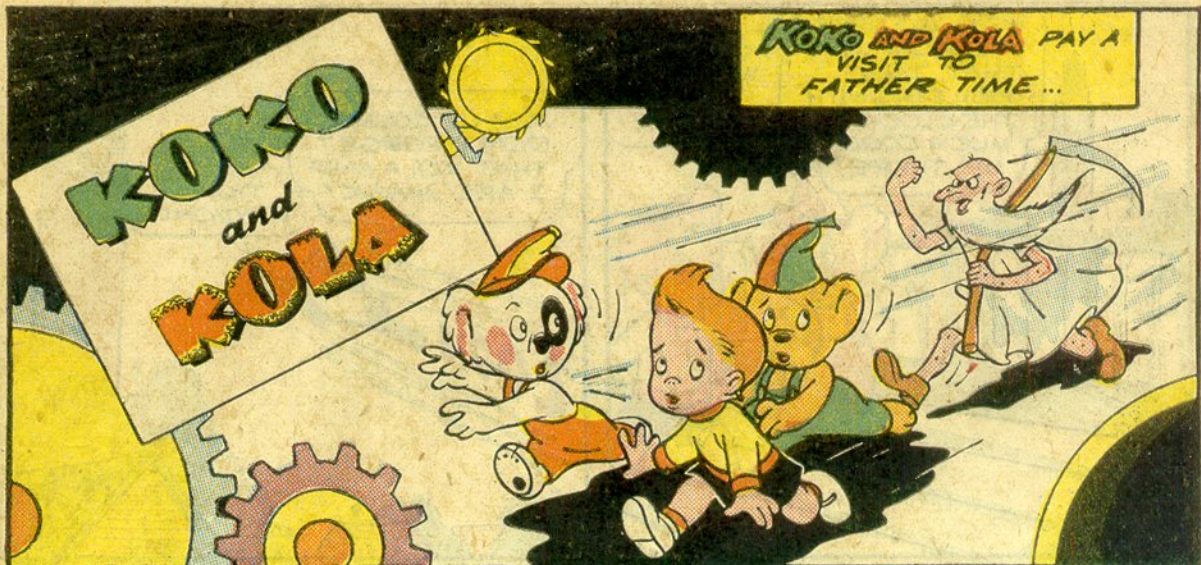
too. She swam over to it. It swished around in front of her face. She decided to touch it just to see what it felt like. And before she knew it, her hand was stuck to the fan-like thing and she was being pulled a million miles a minute through the water.

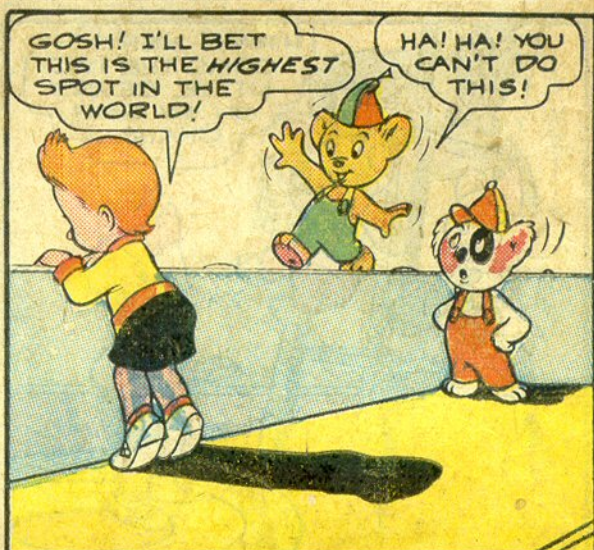
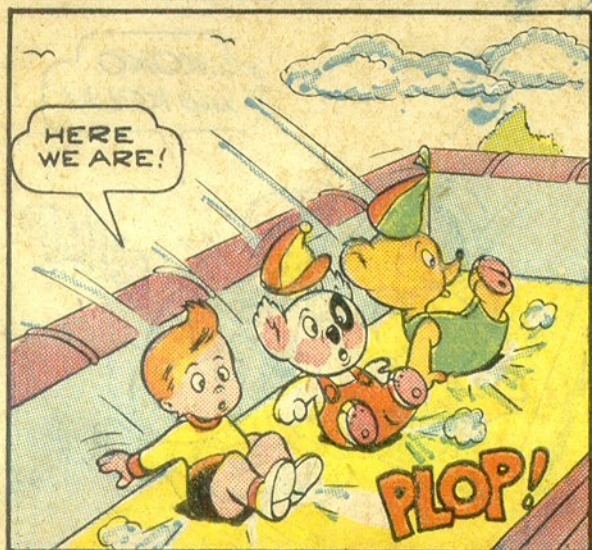
"This would be a wonderful ride if I weren't so frightened," she thought. "I wish I knew where I was going. More than that, I wish I had told Pete that I was going somewhere. He'll be so worried. He won't know what happened to me."

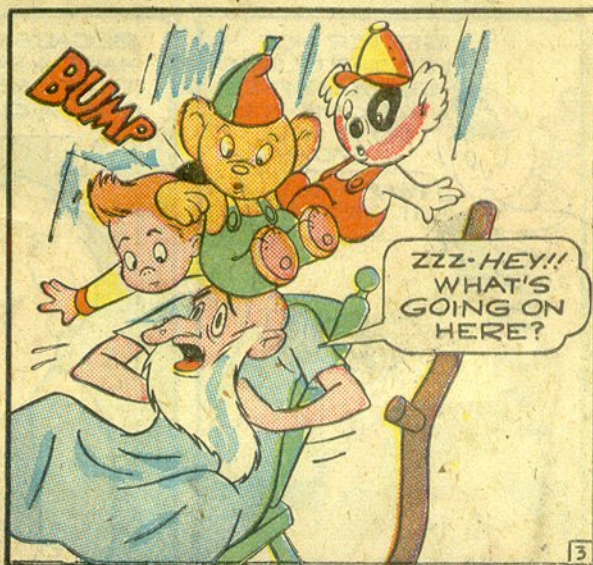
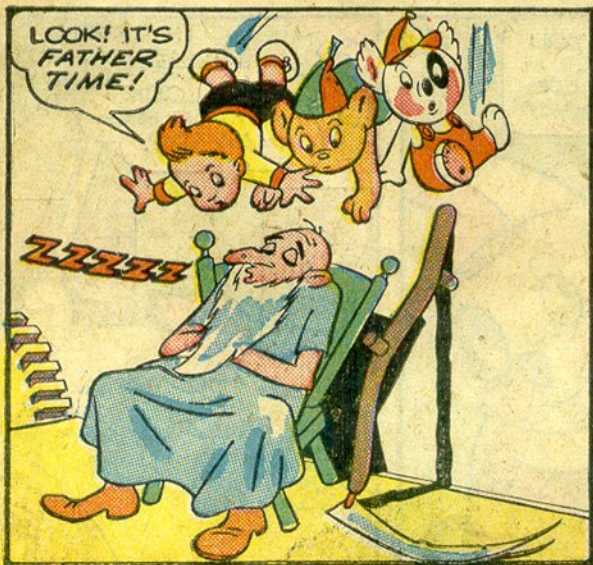
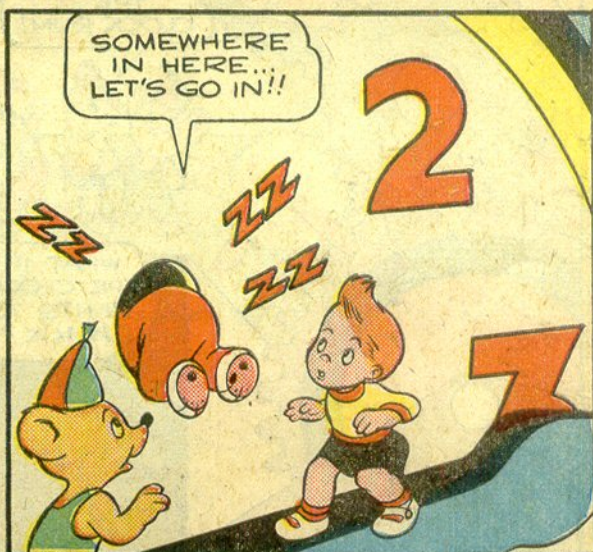
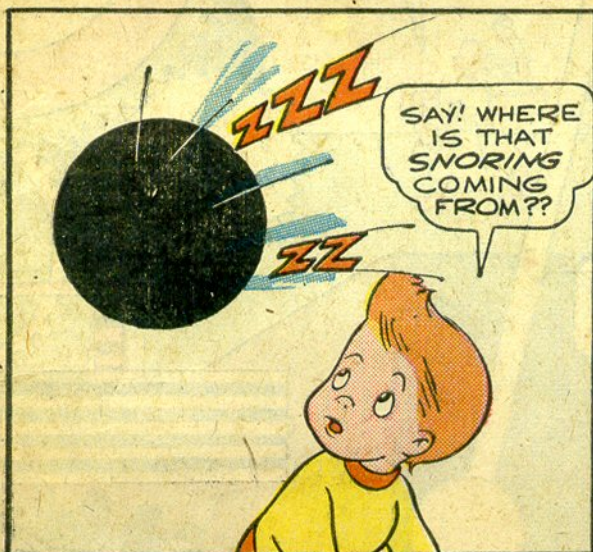
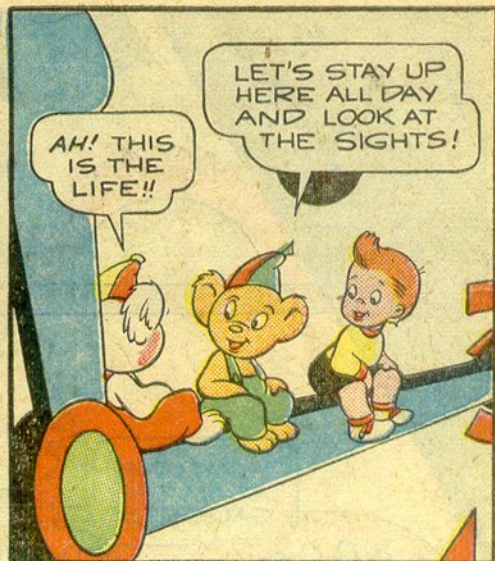
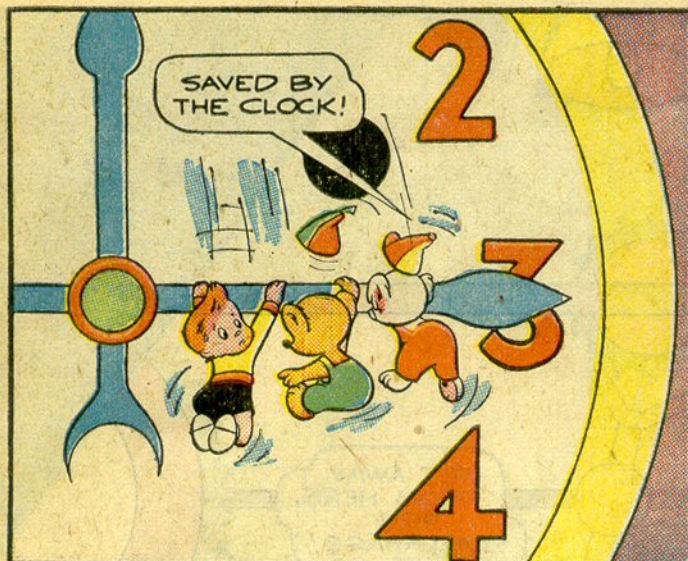
All at once, Polly was out of the water. Her hand was still stuck to the beautiful fan, but now she was able to see what it was. And it was frightening! The fan was attached to a long, slithery monster about four times her size. And to make matters worse, this monster was being seized by a tremendous giant, even bigger than the monster. And the giant was shouting, "I caught a fish! I caught a fish!" He was so excited that he didn't see poor Polly holding on to the tail of the fish for dear life. For you have probably guessed by now that the fan-shaped object was nothing but the tail of a fish.

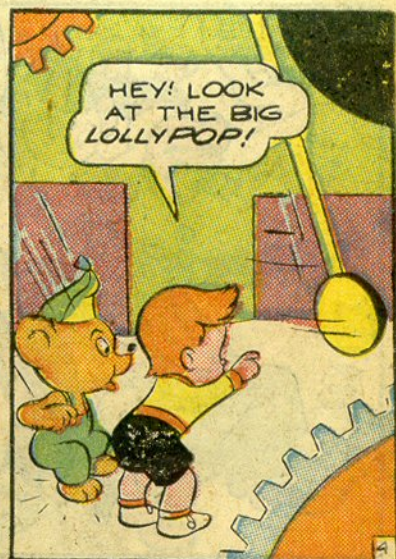
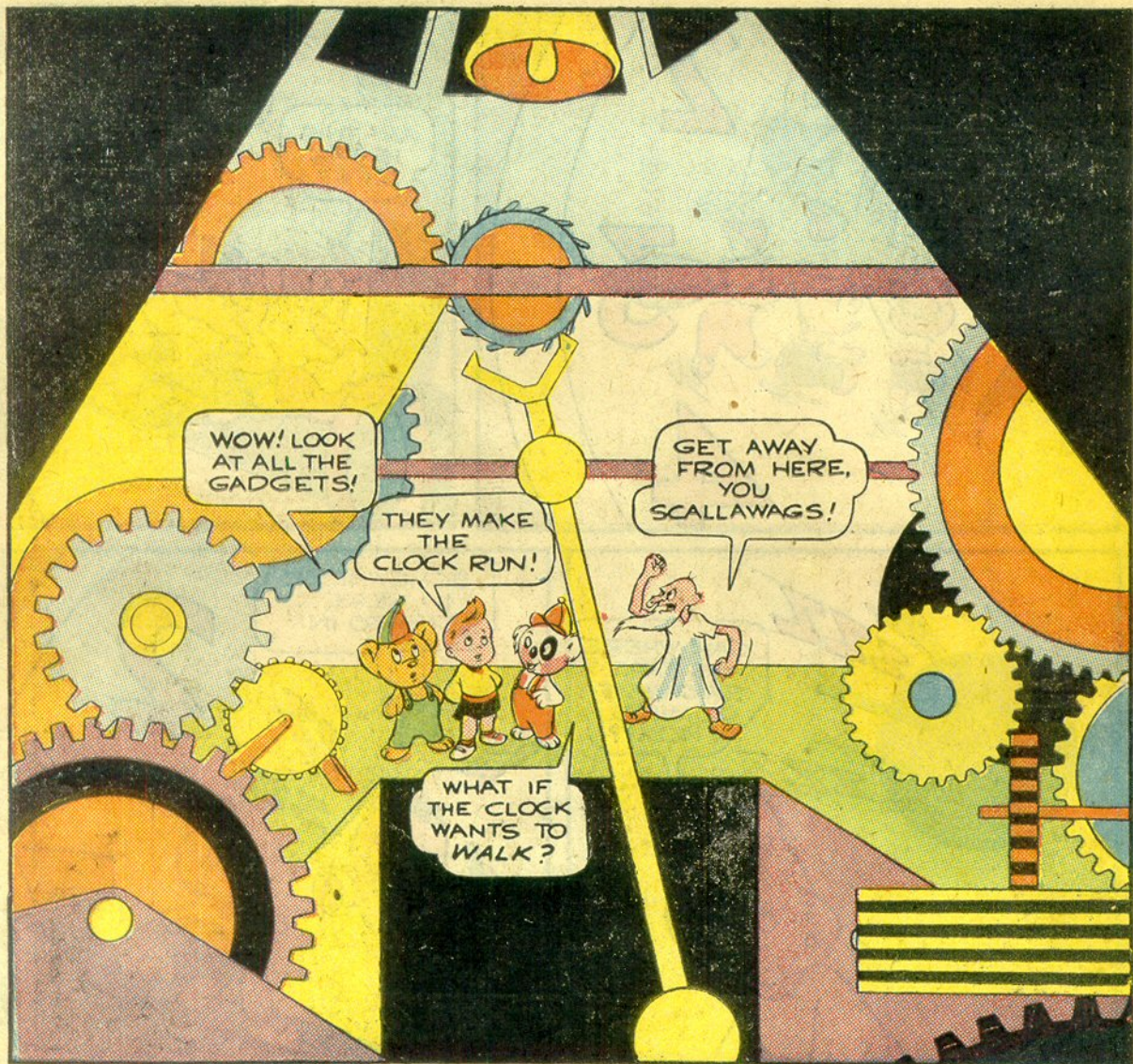
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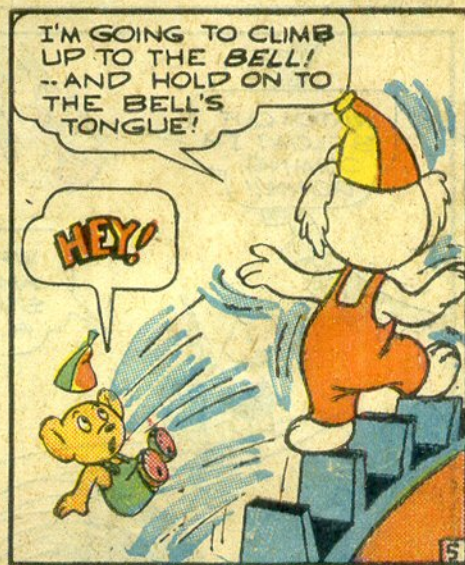
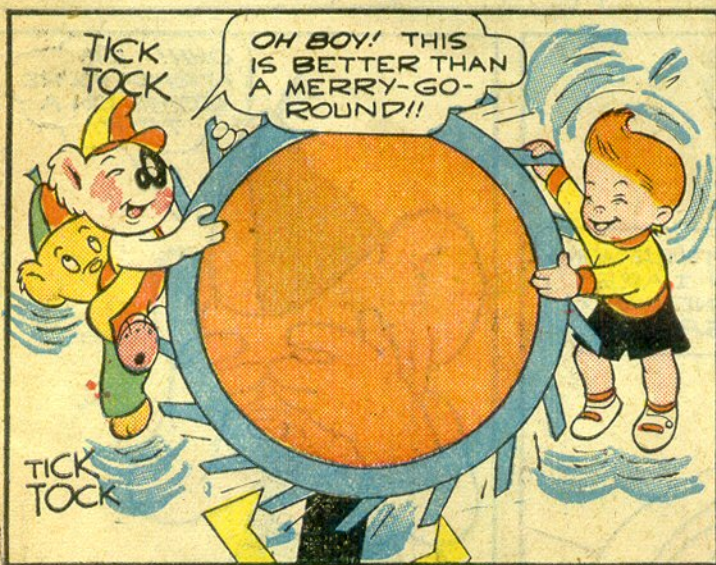
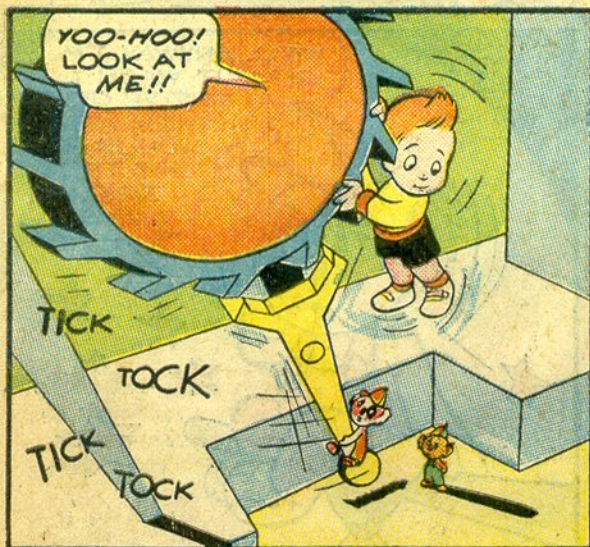
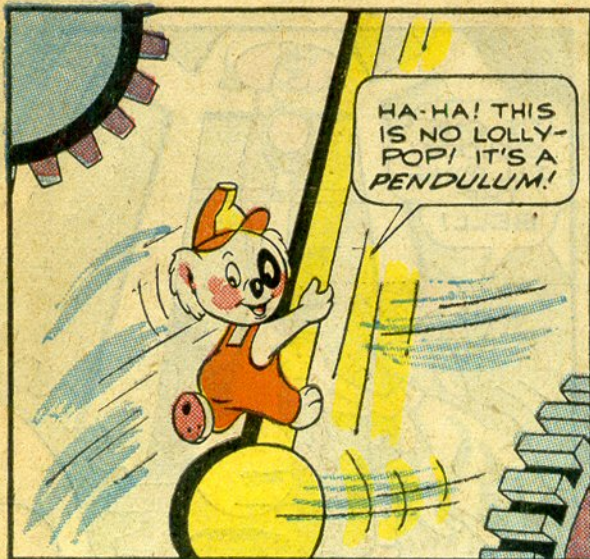


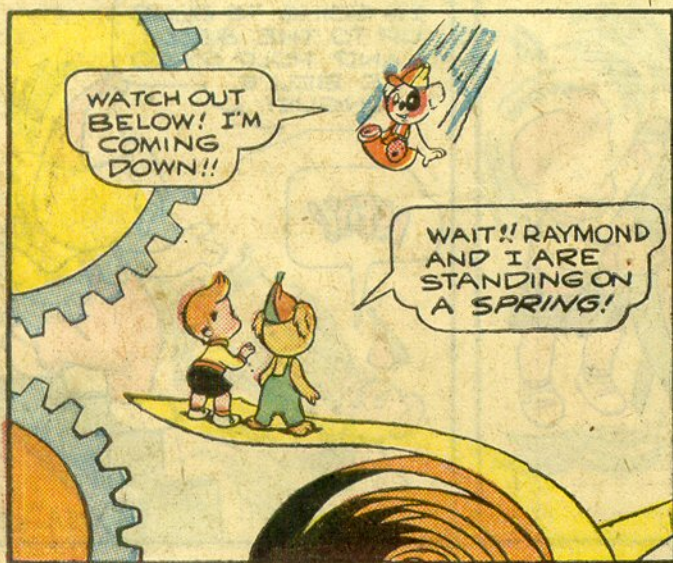
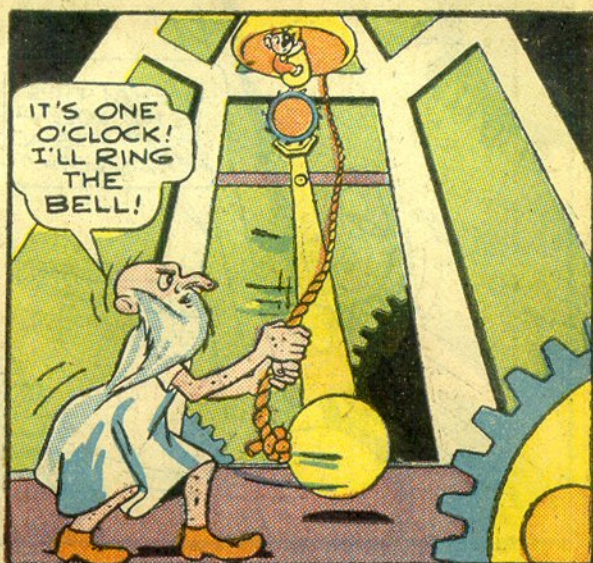
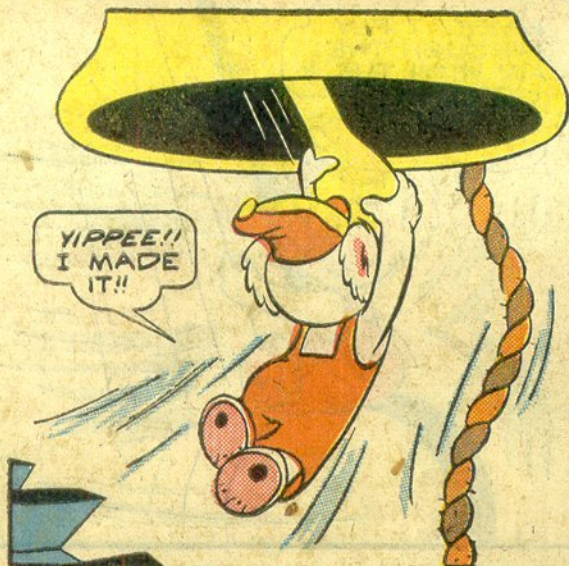


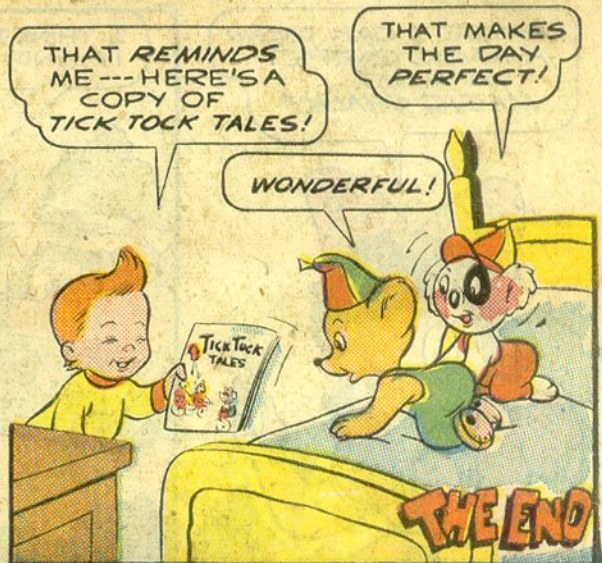
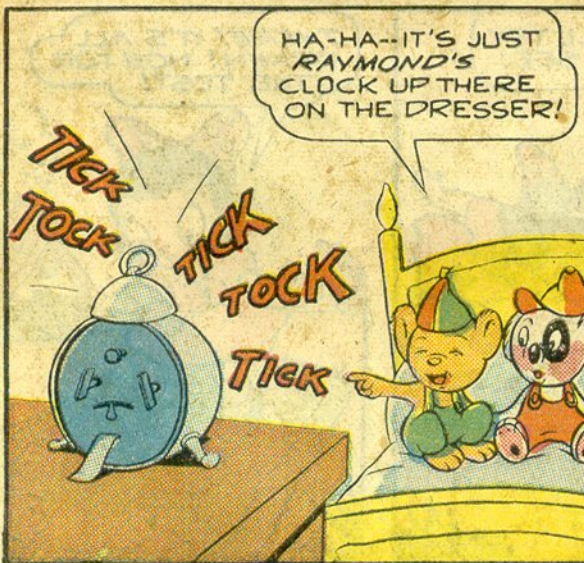
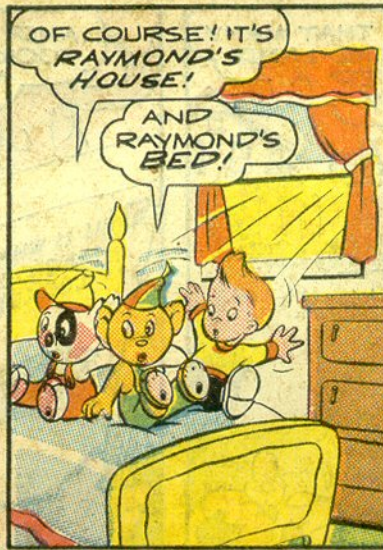
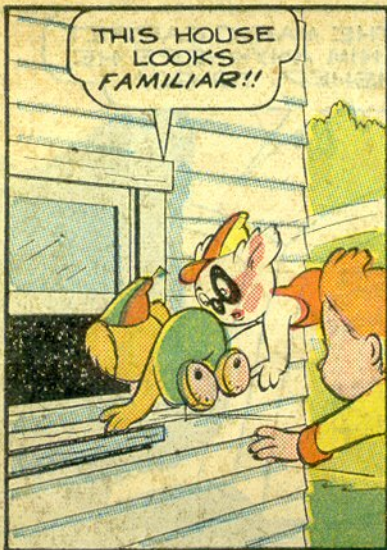
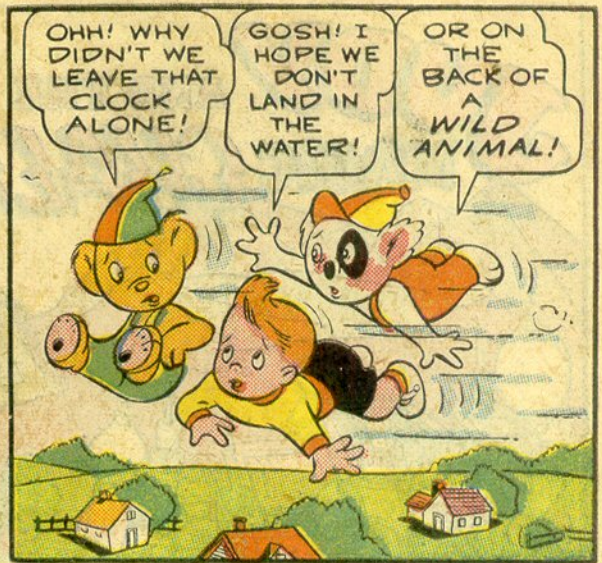
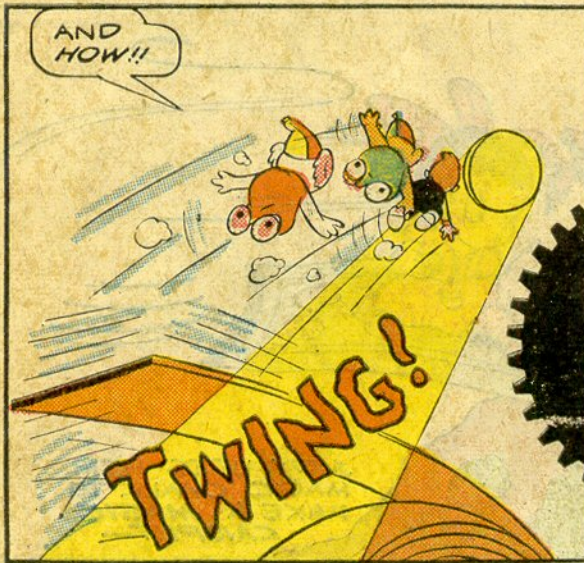












JUDY AND THE MAGIC CHALK







GOLLY! THIS THING IS SURE FAST! AND IT DOESN'T EVEN USE GASOLINE!



WHAT'S THAT? A MAGIC CARPET? GOTTA SEE MY EYE DOCTOR AS SOON AS I LAND!



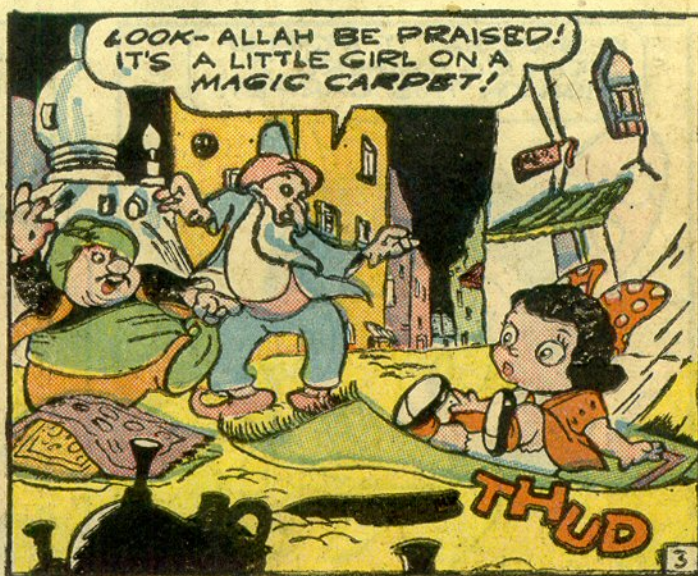
THIS MUST BE COSMANIA-- WE'RE GOING DOWN!!



MEANWHILE IN COSMANIA--

BAH! I'M TIRED OF SELLING CARPETS ALL DAY!

SO AM I! IF WE COULD ONLY GET OUR HANDS ON SOME MONEY!



LOOK-ALLAH BE PRAISED! IT'S A LITTLE GIRL ON A MAGIC CARPET!

THUD

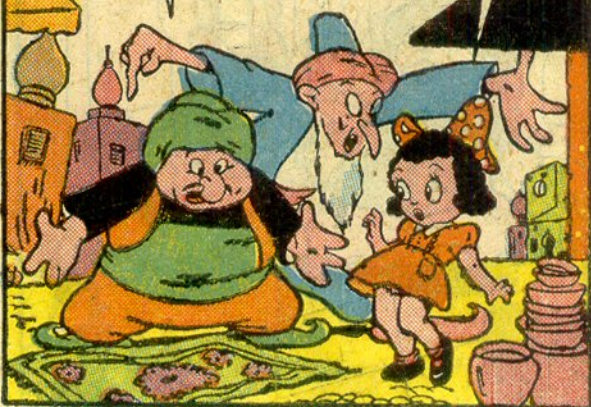
GOSH, THIS IS A QUEER-LOOKING LAND! AND THOSE TWO MEN ARE COMING THIS WAY!



LEETLE GIRL-- WHERE DID YOU GET ZAT MAGIC CARPET?

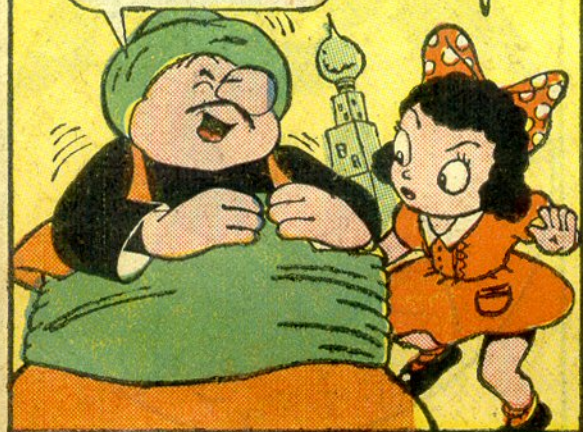
YES-- WHERE?

WHY--I DREW IT!!



HA! HA! STOP MAKING JOKES AND TELL US THE TRUTH!

I AM TELLING THE TRUTH!

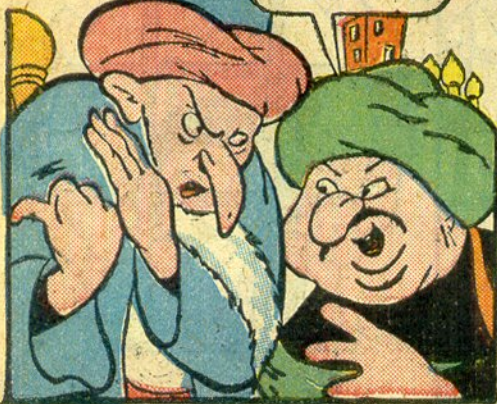


I USED MY MAGIC CHALK TO DRAW IT! I CAN DRAW AS MANY AS I WANT!



I THEENK THE GIRL IS TELLING THE TRUTH!

IN ZAT CASE-- WE ARE AS GOOD AS RICH AT THIS MOMENT!

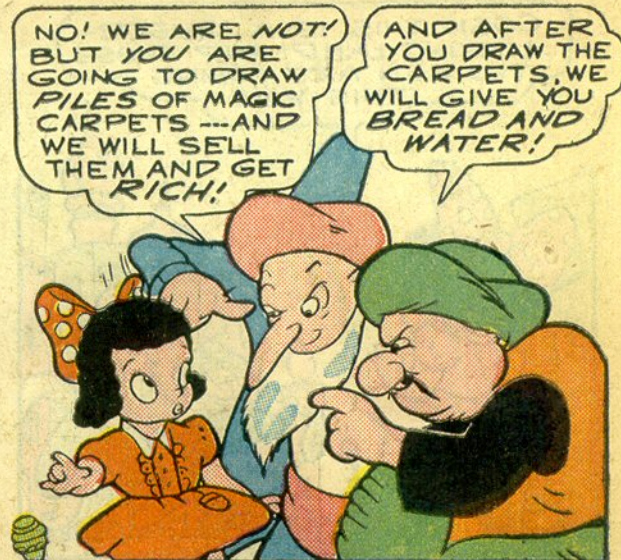
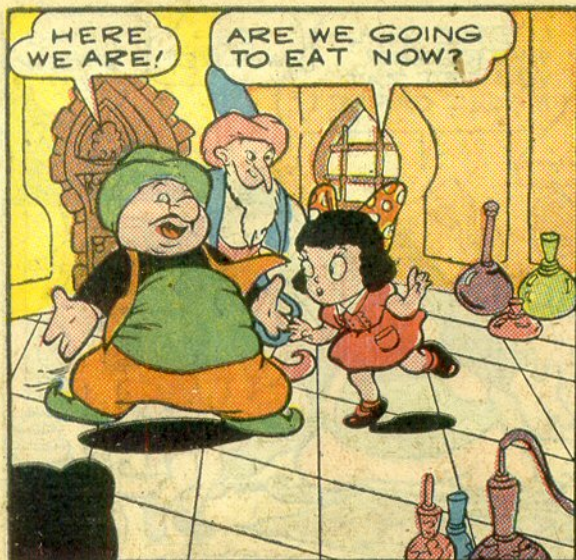


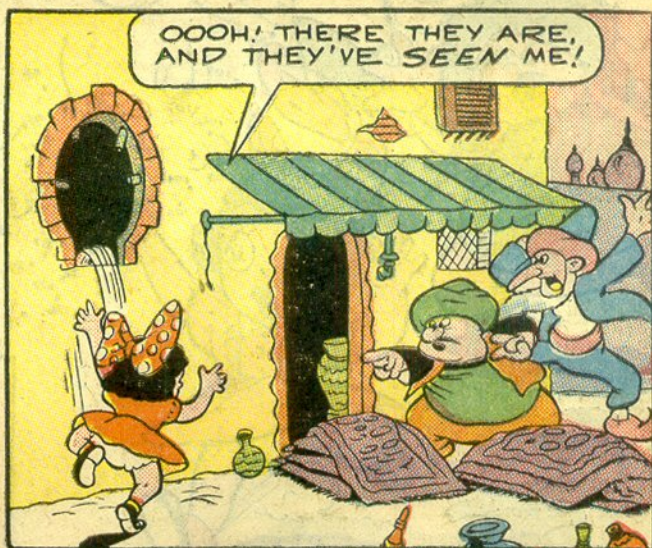
COME, LEETLE GIRL WE WILL TAKE YOU TO OUR HOUSE -- YOU WILL BE OUR GUEST!

RIGHT NOW I WANT SOMETHING TO EAT! I'M HUNGRY!

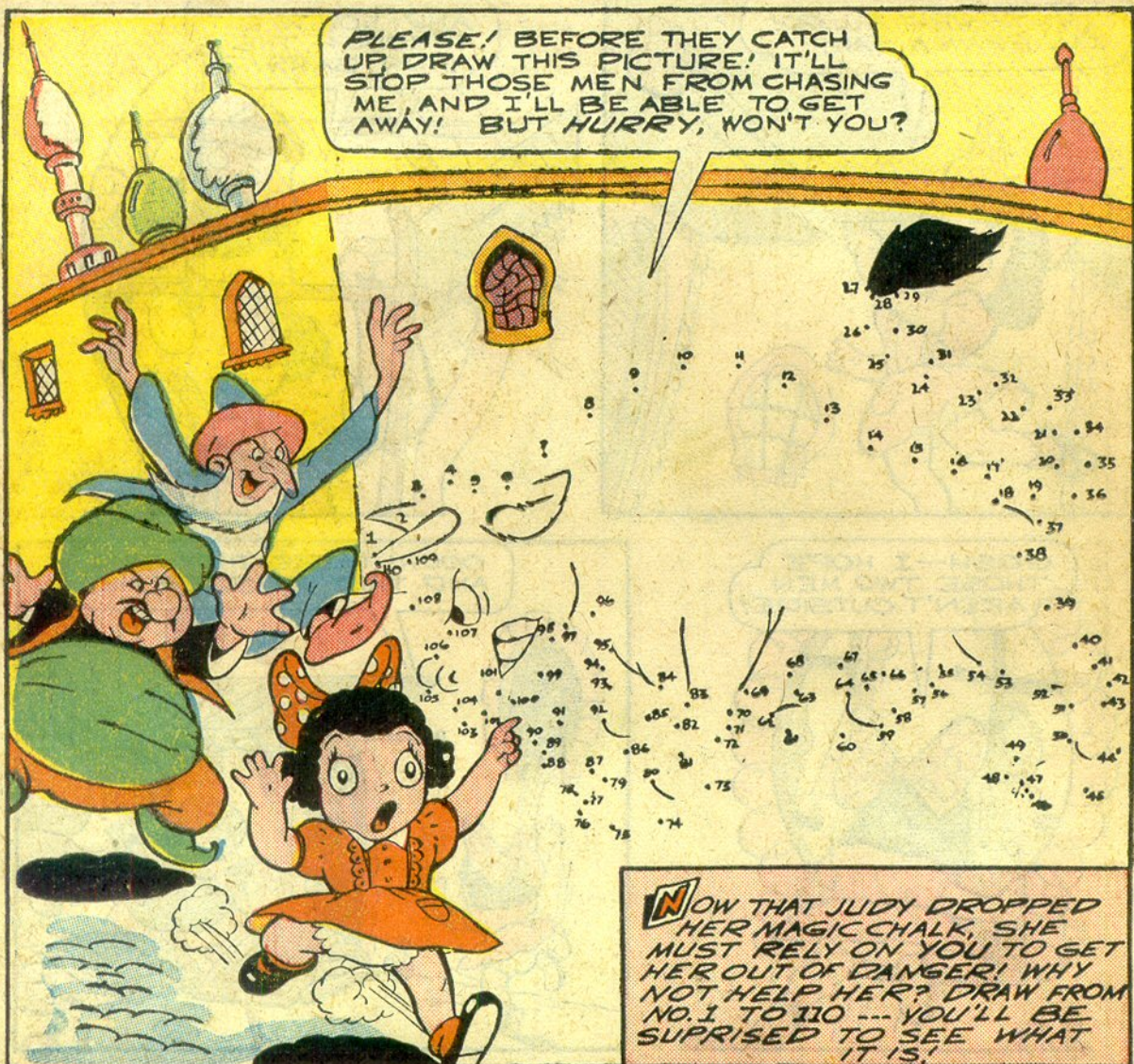
YOU'LL HAVE EVERYTHING YOU DESIRE!!







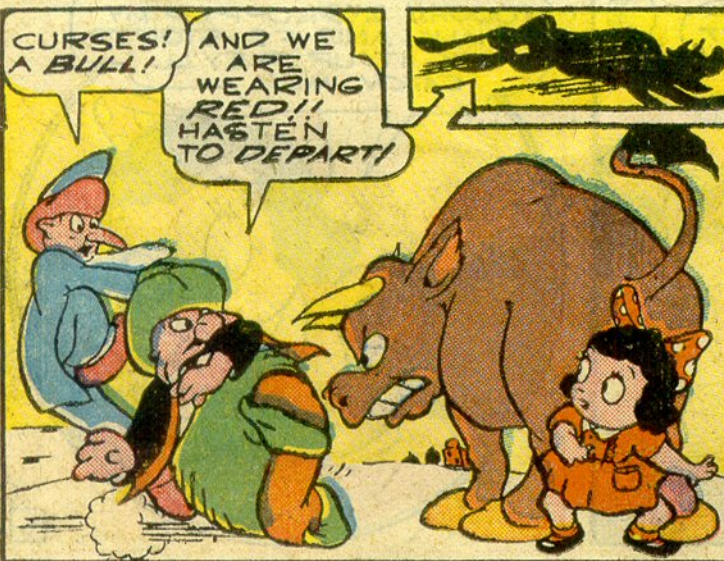
PLEASE! BEFORE THEY CATCH UP, DRAW THIS PICTURE! IT'LL STOP THOSE MEN FROM CHASING ME, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO GET AWAY! BUT HURRY, WON'T YOU?



NOW THAT JUDY DROPPED HER MAGIC CHALK, SHE MUST RELY ON YOU TO GET HER OUT OF DANGER! WHY NOT HELP HER? DRAW FROM NO. 1 TO 110 --- YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO SEE WHAT IT IS!

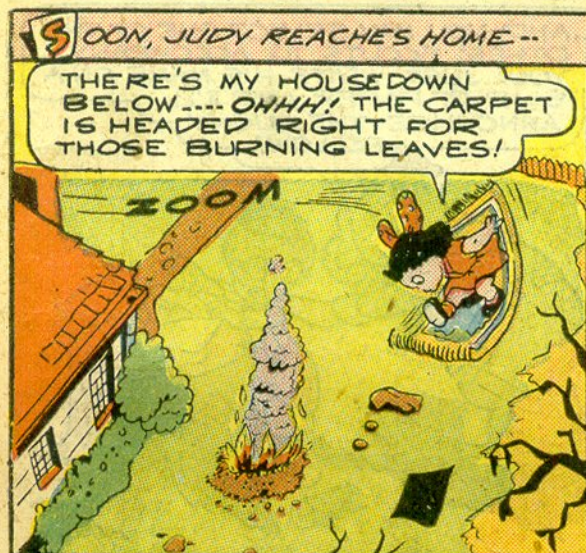
CURSES! A BULL!

AND WE ARE WEARING RED!! HASTEN TO DEPART!



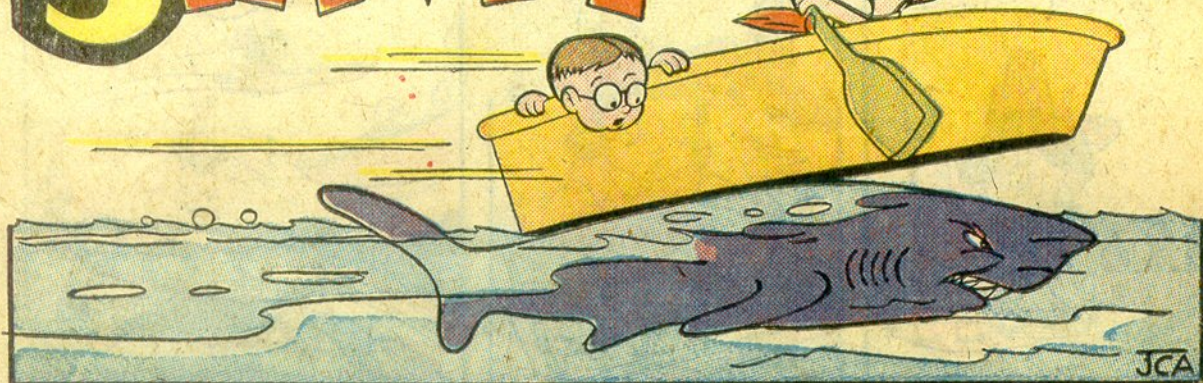
HELP!



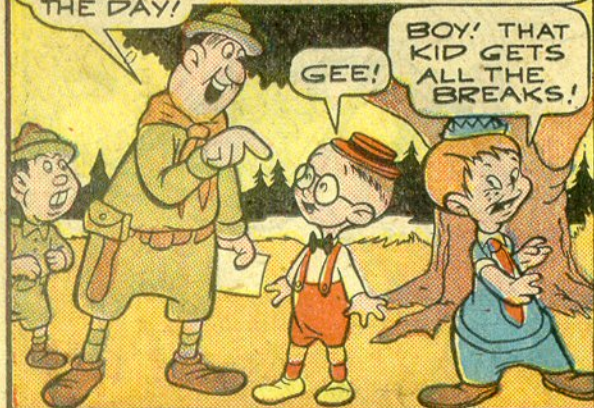


SPANKY

YA SEE, CLARENCE! YA JUST GOTTA KNOW HOW TO ROW!



...AND AS AN AWARD FOR BEING THE BEST SCOUT IN THIS TROOP CLARENCE, YOU MAY HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF USING OUR LITTLE CABIN ON STOWAWAY ISLAND FOR THE DAY!



GEE!

BOY! THAT KID GETS ALL THE BREAKS!

...AND YOU MAY SELECT ONE OF THE OTHER SCOUTS TO ACCOMPANY YOU! JUST WRITE HIS NAME ON A SLIP OF PAPER AND I'LL ANNOUNCE THE LUCKY FELLOW!



THAT'S MADE TO ORDER FER ME! MAYBE CLARENCE DON'T KNOW IT, BUT I'M HIS SHIPMATE TODAY!



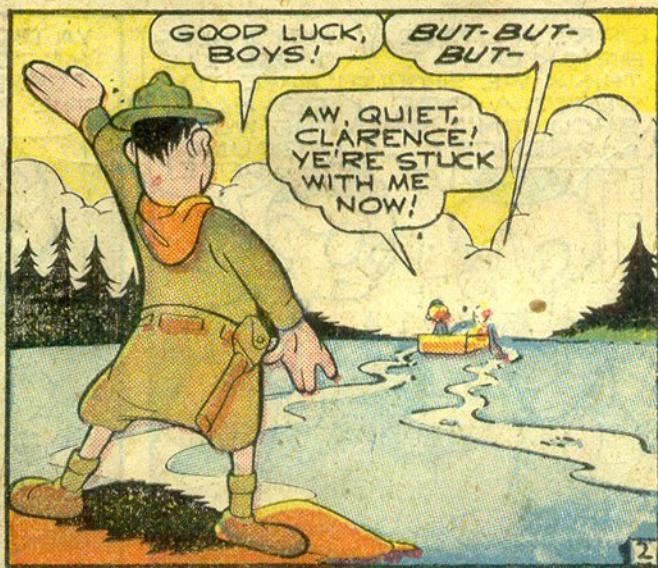
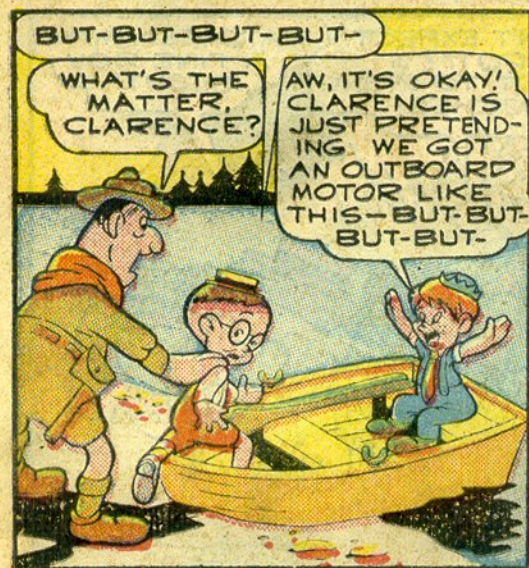
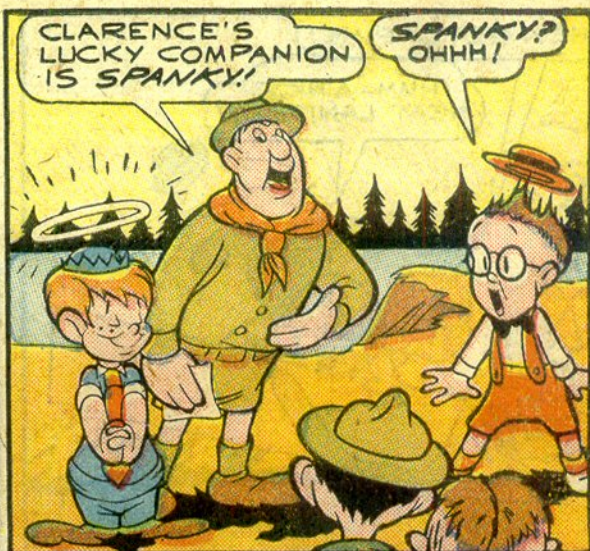
HI, CLARENCE! I S'POSE IT'S MY NAME YOU'RE WRITIN', HUH?

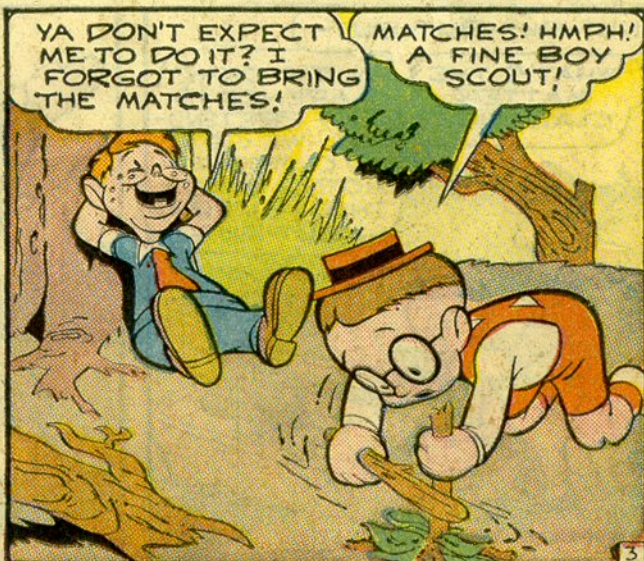
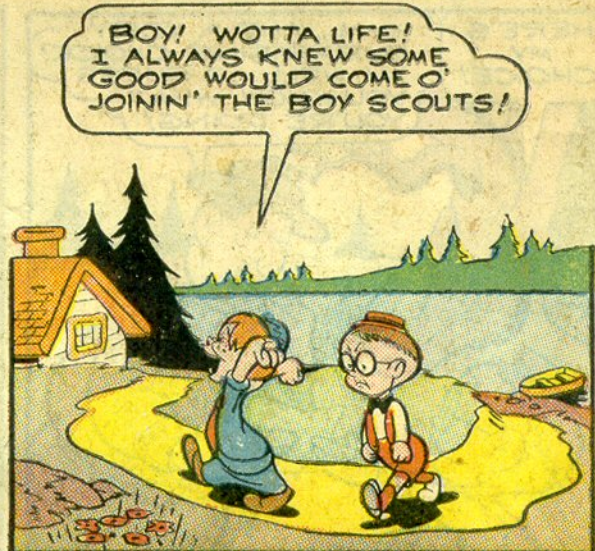
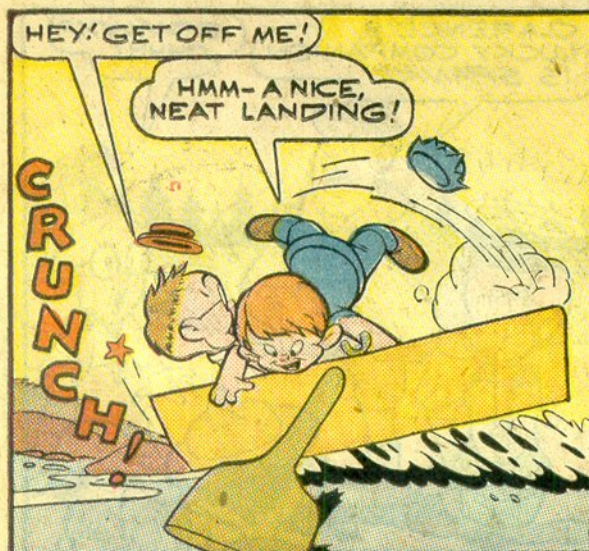
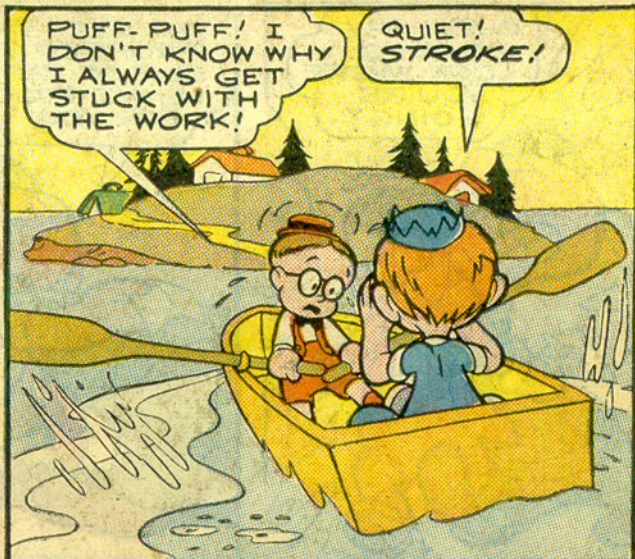
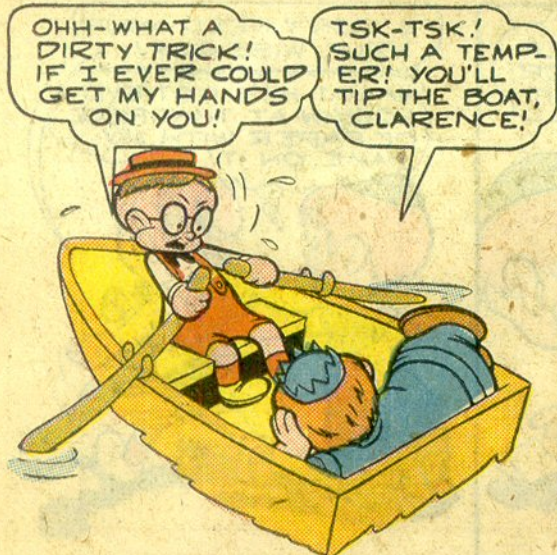
YOU? IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO GET AWAY FROM YOU, JUST FOR THE DAY!



I'LL JUST WRITE MY NAME ON THIS PAPER SO I CAN SWITCH SLIPS WITH CLARENCE!

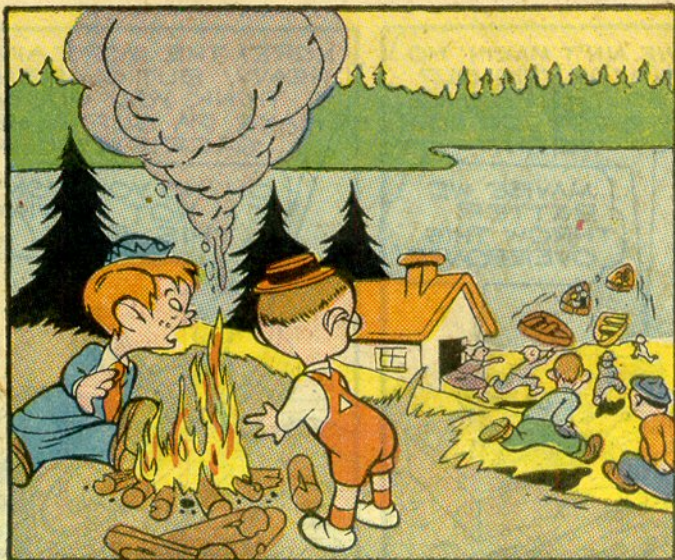






AH! DA PEACE AND QUIET OF
DA COUNTRYSIDE! BOIDS
TWITTERIN', LEAVES RUSTLIN'
AN' YOU SLAVIN' OVER A HOT
FIRE!

PUFF. PUFF. WHEW!



DID I SAY
PEACE AND
QUIET?

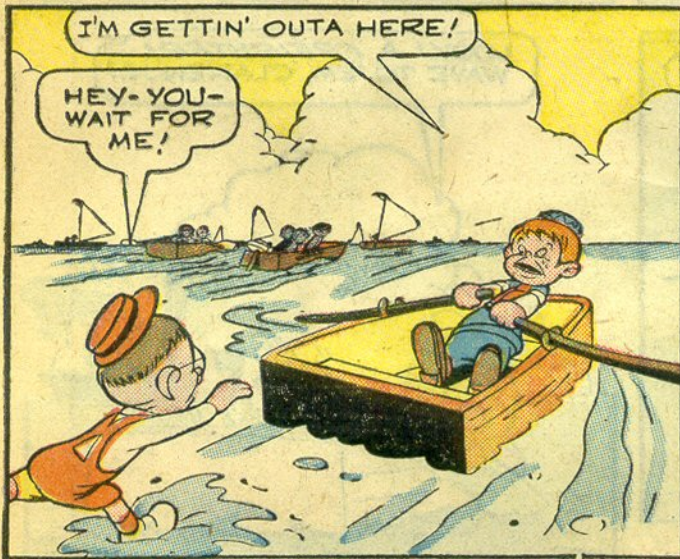
SAY-
WHAT'S
GOIN'
ON
HERE?

WHAT'S GOING
ON? HAVEN'T
YOU HEARD?
THERE'S A
SHARK IN
THESE WATERS!
WE'RE GETTIN'
OUT OF HERE!
IT'S HEADED
RIGHT THIS WAY!

SHARK!

I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

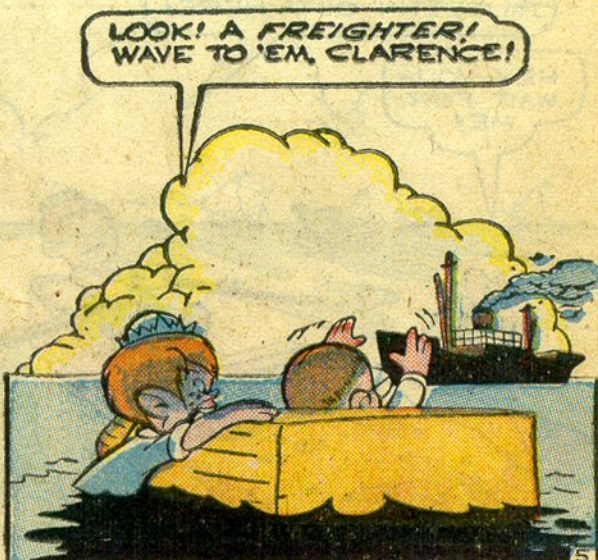
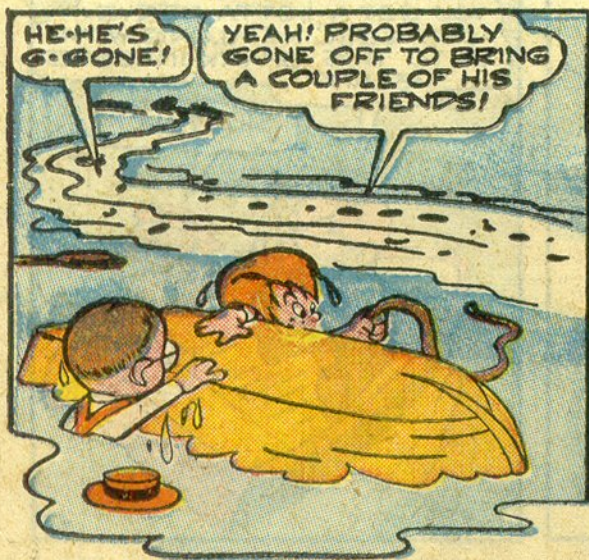
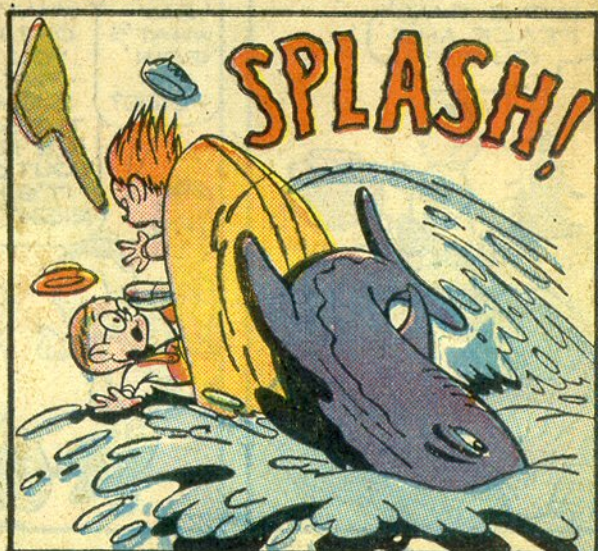
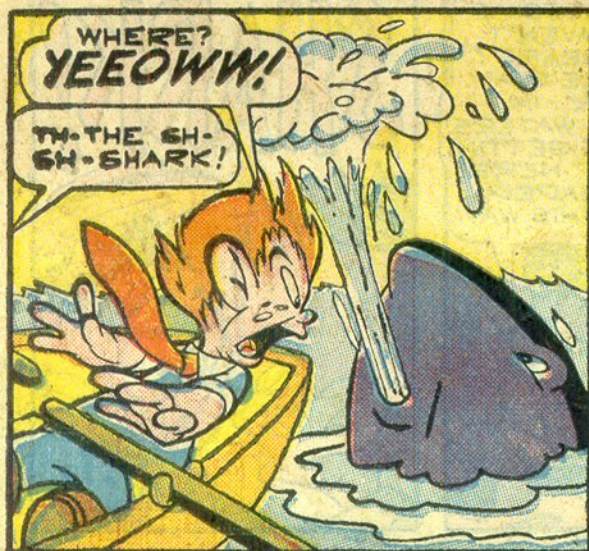
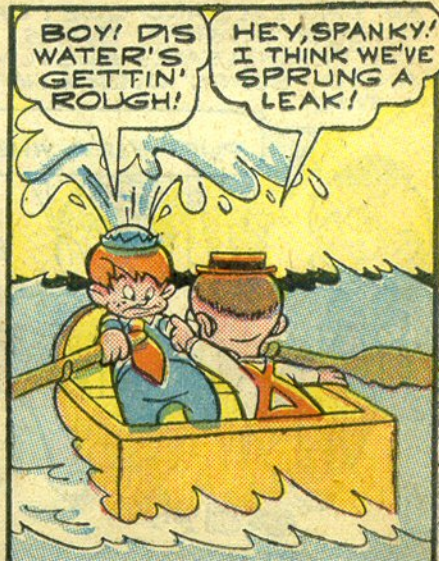
HEY-YOU-
WAIT FOR
ME!

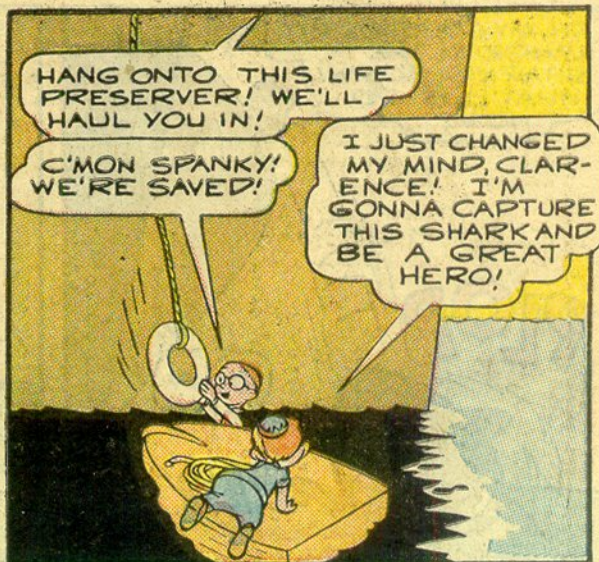


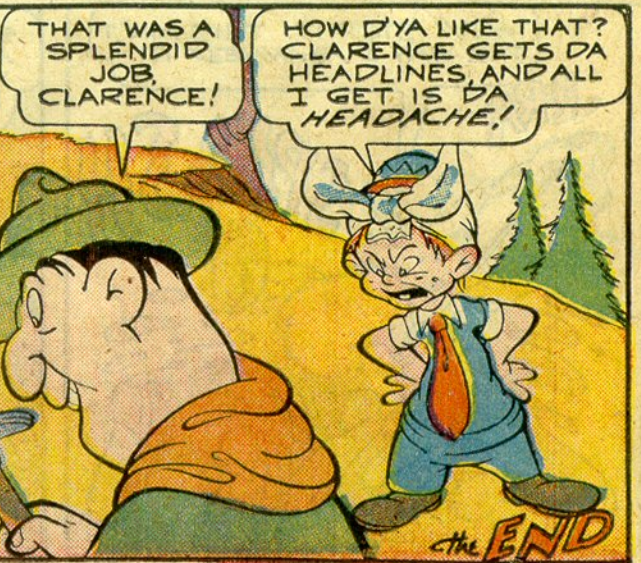
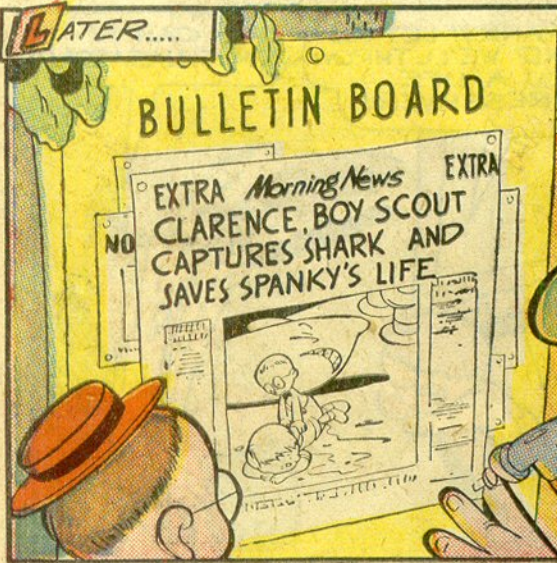
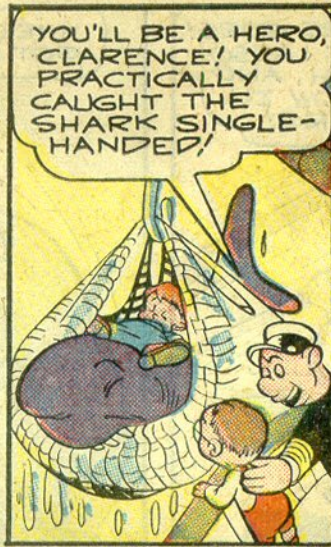
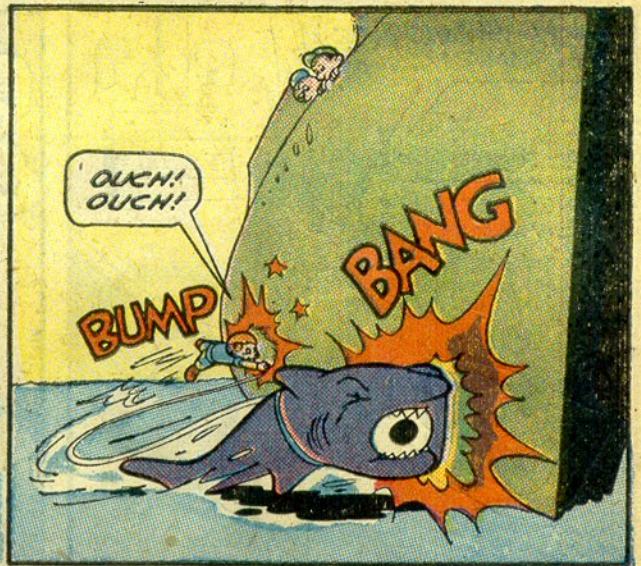
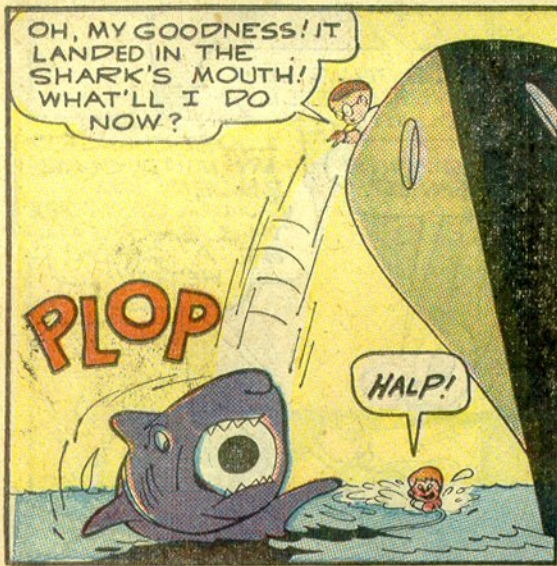
YOU GOT A LOTTA NERVE
DRAGGIN' ME ALONG WITH
YA TO THIS **SHARK-INFESTED**
ISLAND!

HUH? ME?









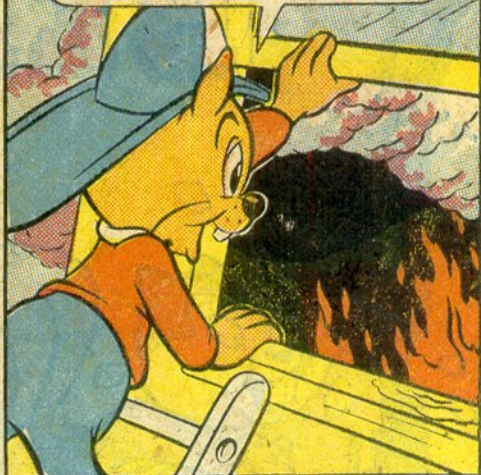
GOOFUS the Gopher

OH- PLEASE, FIRE-
MAN, SAVE MY
HUSBAND!

I'M A GREAT
FIREMAN, I
AM- I AM! I'LL
SAVE HIM!



FEAR NOT- I WILL RETURN
YOU TO YOUR LOVING
WIFE'S ARMS, SAFELY!

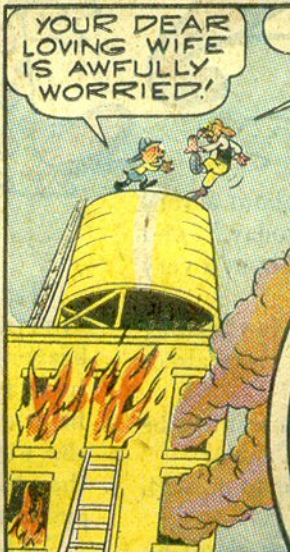


BE BRAVE- I'VE COME
TO SAVE YOU!

PLEASE DON'T
SAVE ME! I'M
PERFECTLY
OKEH' HERE!



YOUR DEAR
LOVING WIFE
IS AWFULLY
WORRIED!



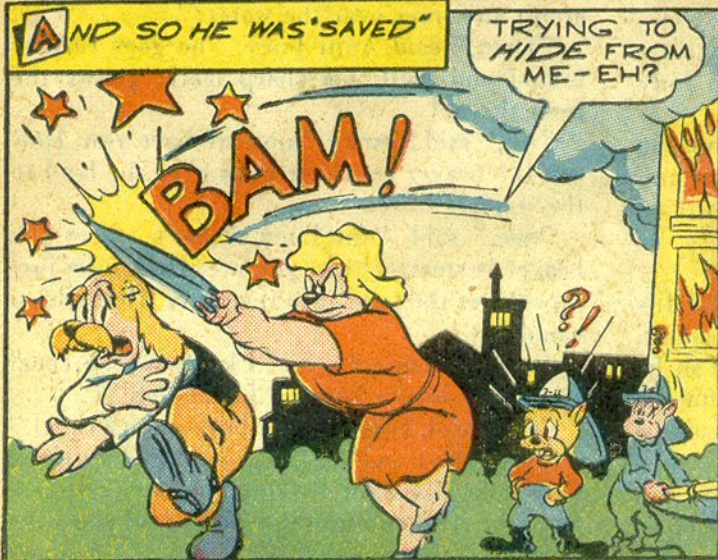
I'LL HAVE THE
POLICE AFTER
YOU!



DON'T WORRY!
WE'LL HIT THE
NET SQUARE,
AND YOU'LL BE
SAVED!

AND SO HE WAS "SAVED"

TRYING TO
HIDE FROM
ME- EH?



GOLLY- HOW
WUZ I TO
KNOW?



BEAVER



"THE last story I told you was about a very busy insect, the bee. And today," said Aunt Lucy, "I'm going to tell you about a very busy animal."

Goofus and Judy were delighted, but Spanky complained. "Aw, I'd rather hear a story about Indians!"

"Spanky," said Aunt Lucy, "you want to be an engineer when you grow up, don't you?"

"Sure I do, but what has that got to do with a story?"

"Well, I want to tell you a story about an animal that's a great engineer."

"Oh, you're fooling!" laughed Spanky.

It sounded so funny that Goofus and Judy laughed too.

"No," said Aunt Lucy, "I'm not fooling. I'm going to tell you about the beaver, a little animal that can build a dam right across a stream of water."

"All right," they agreed, "let's hear it."

"First of all, do you know what a dam is? It's sort of a wall that is built right across the water. You see, the beaver likes the water and so he builds his house right on it. And to do this, he must build a dam, so that his house can be above the water."

"H-m-m," said Spanky doubtfully, "how can he build a house in the water? What could he use?"

"Take your time, Spanky," said Aunt Lucy. "I'm just about to tell you all about it. The beaver has very strong, sharp teeth. With them, he gnaws at a tree until it falls over. Of course, he tries to find enough trees near the edge of the water. Then when he gnaws at them and they fall over, he doesn't have much trouble pushing them into the water."

"What," asked Goofus, "happens if there aren't any trees near the water?"

"Then," said Aunt Lucy, "he goes further inland and, with his sharp teeth, gnaws the trees there."

"Ah," said Spanky, "now we have you. How can the beaver get those trees over the land to the water?"

"See," said Aunt Lucy, "that's where the beaver is smarter than you are. He knows just how to get the trees into the water. He builds a canal."

Judy was excited now. "I know what a canal is! I know what a canal is! Let me tell!"

"Go ahead, Judy. Tell the boys about a canal."

"Well, first you dig the ground into sort of a long hole, like a ditch. Then you let the water from the river run into the ditch. And you have another little river."



"That's right. And the beaver digs this canal from the river right to the place where the trees are. Then when the trees fall over, he gnaws them into logs and pushes them, kerplunk, into the canal. The logs float down the canal right to the river just where he wants them."

"Pretty smart," admitted Spanky.

"He's even smarter than that. He takes all the logs and branches and some stones and puts them together to make his dam. And what do you think he uses to keep it all together? Mud, just plain, ordinary mud. He pastes everything together with mud. Just like a bricklayer uses plaster when he pastes bricks together to build a house."

"But the beaver doesn't like anyone to see him getting in and out of the water. So he builds an opening inside his house so that he can enter the water without anyone seeing him."

"I'm an engineer, too," said Spanky. "And I'd like to know why his house doesn't get full of water?"

"That's a good question," admitted Aunt Lucy. "But I told you that the beaver was very smart. He leaves open spaces at the top of his hut. Then, when there is too much water, it runs out through these spaces."

"Aunt Lucy," said Judy, "I'm not an engineer. I just want to know what the beaver likes to eat?"

"There you go again," teased Goofus. "Always thinking about food."

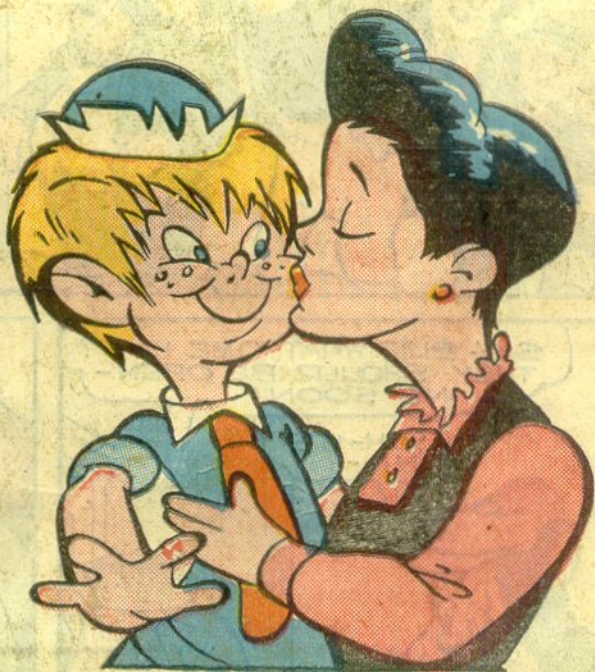
"And so does the beaver. He likes to eat the twigs and bark of trees. As a matter of fact, he even likes to eat the roots of trees or juicy wood itself."

"Just an old wood-eater!" laughed Goofus. "Now Spanky will have to eat a lot of wood, if he wants to be an engineer."

"No, he doesn't," Aunt Lucy came to the rescue. "But he should watch the beaver and he'll learn a great deal from him. Do you know that when the cold weather sets in, the beaver puts a fresh coat of mud over his house? Can you guess why?"

"That's an easy one," said Spanky. "The mud freezes in the cold weather and that makes the hut even stronger."

"You'll make a good engineer," said Aunt Lucy. "that's perfectly correct. But I almost forgot to tell you what the beaver looks like. He is quite small to do all this work. He is only about two feet long. He has short but very strong legs and his hind feet are webbed. His tail, though, is something. It is very broad and flat and covered with scales."



"He doesn't sound very pretty, but he's plenty smart," admitted Spanky.

"And you'll be smart, too, if you get off to bed now," said Aunt Lucy as she kissed them each goodnight. "We'll save our other stories for another night."

GOOFUS the Gopher

**SUPER SALESMAN,
GOOFUS, STARTS
OUT TO SET THE
WORLD ON FIRE
IN THE LAND OF
THE MIDNITE SUN!**

GOSH! THESE
PEOPLE ARE
SURE ANXIOUS
TO BUY UP MY
FUR COATS!

for **SALE**

OH-BOY!
I'M FIRST IN
LINE FOR
ONE OF
THESE JOBS!

**FREEZO
FAN
CO.**

**MEN
WANTED**

**BIG PAYING
JOBS!**

**FREEZO FAN
COMPANY
REPORT**

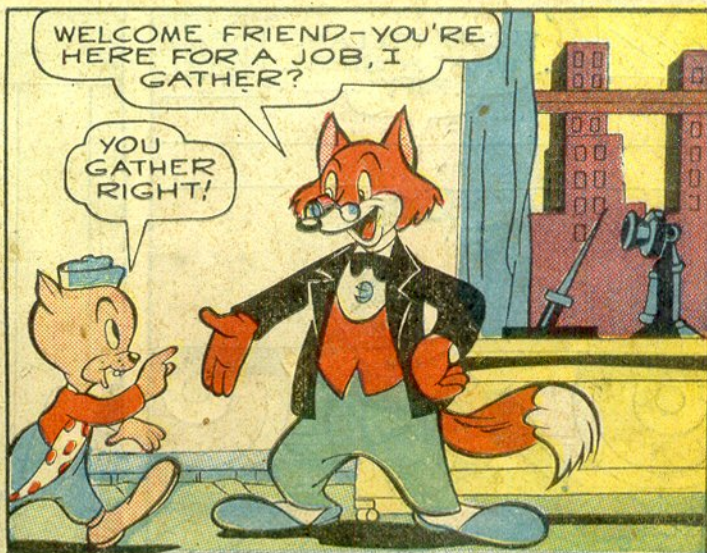
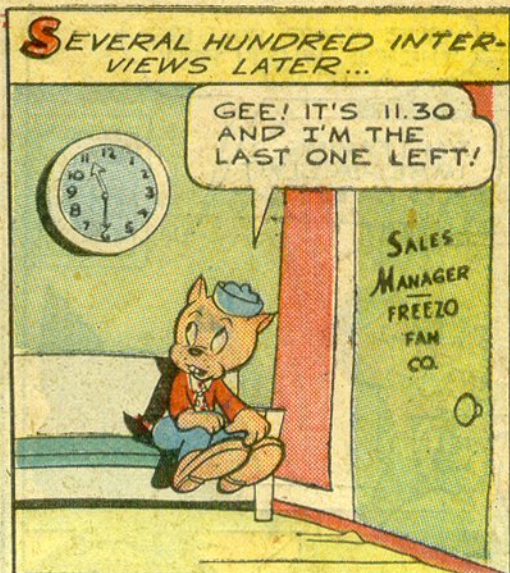
9 O'CLOCK

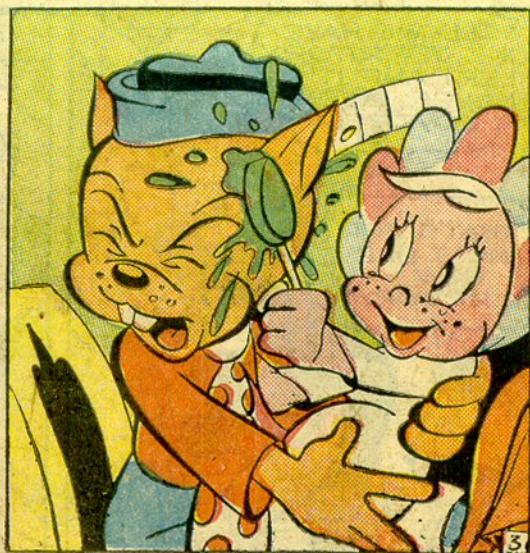
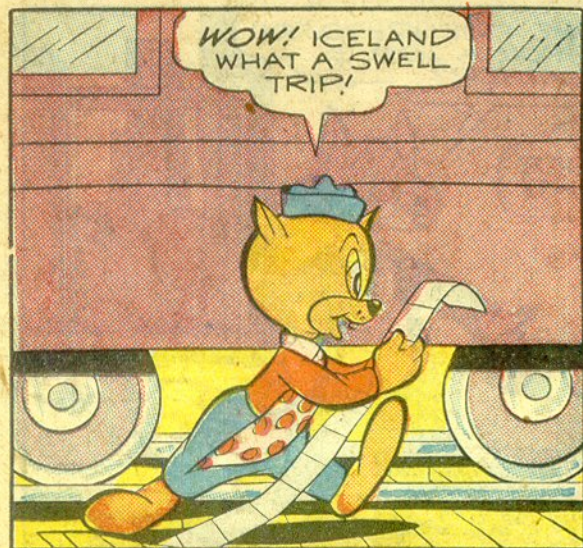
SAY, BUD WHAT TIME IS IT?
THEY SHOULD BE OPEN-
ING SOON!

YEH-IT'S
NI---

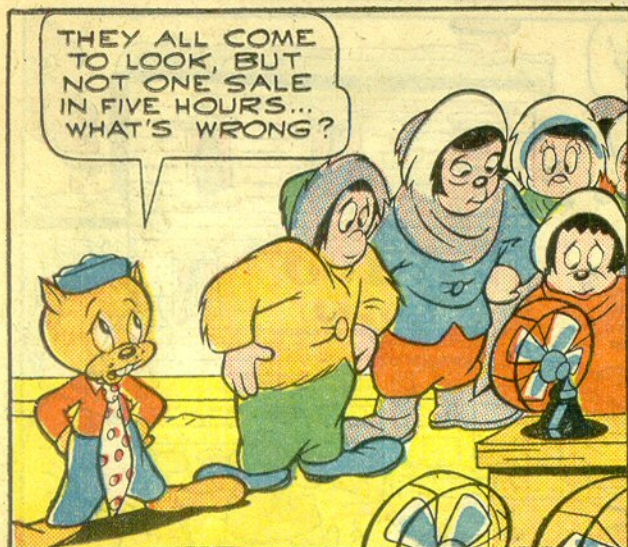
GANGWAY!

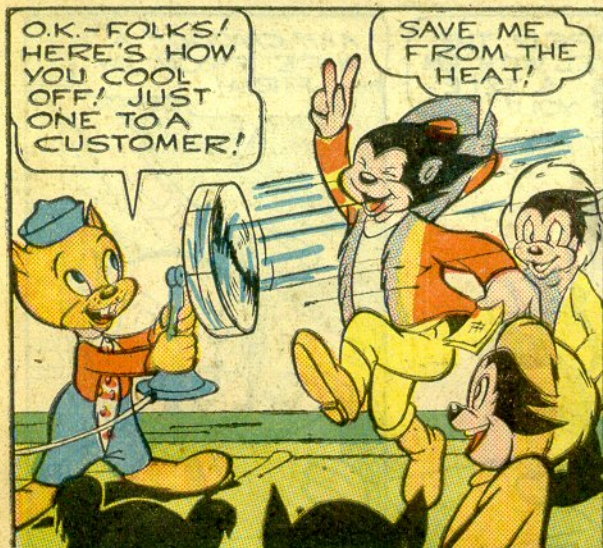
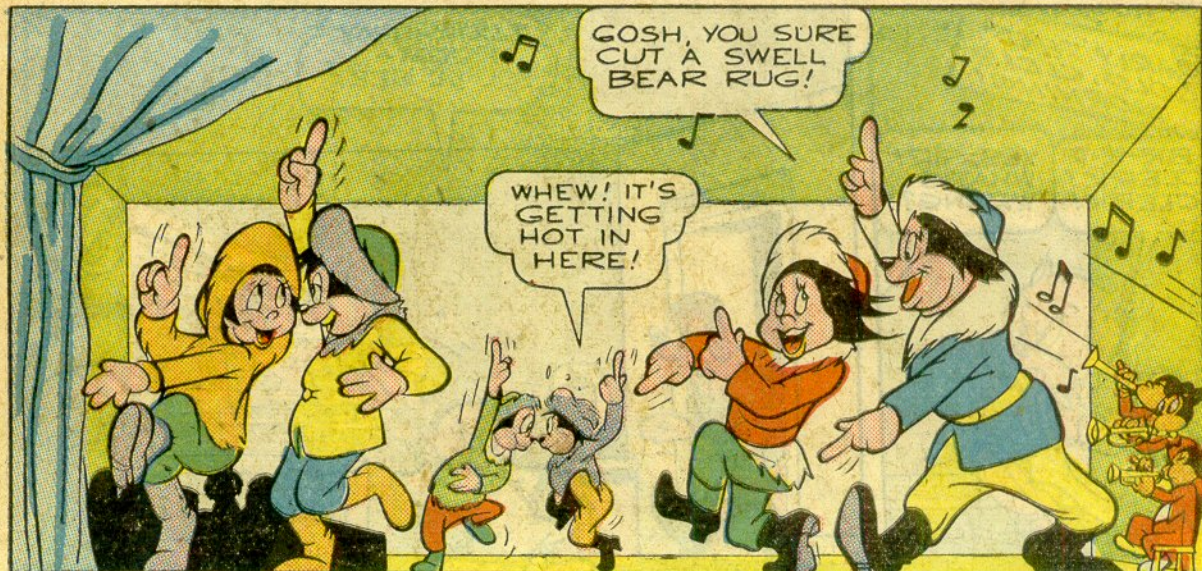
OW-W!

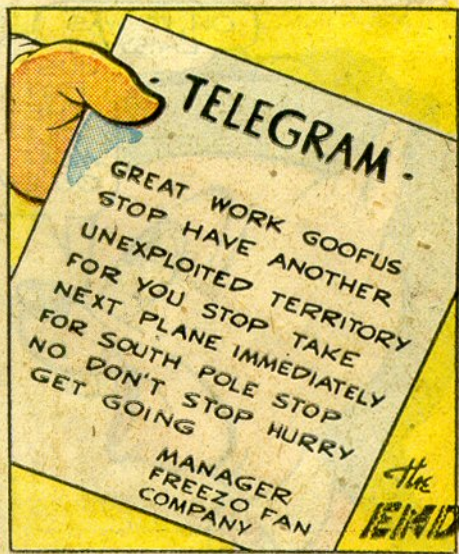
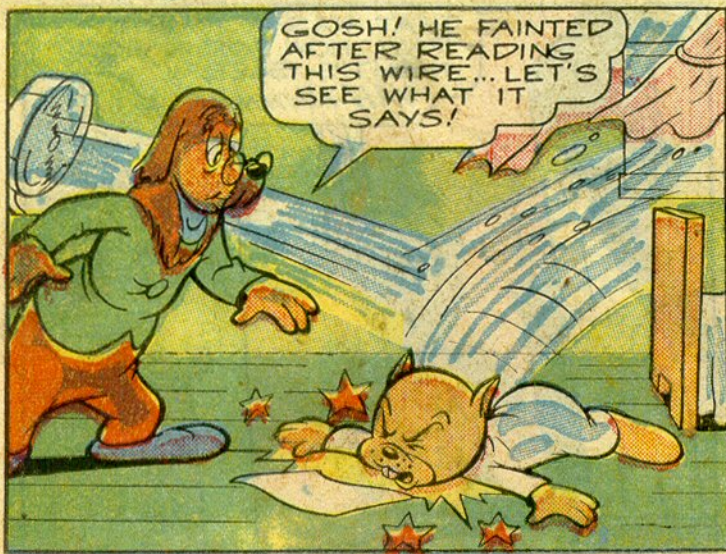
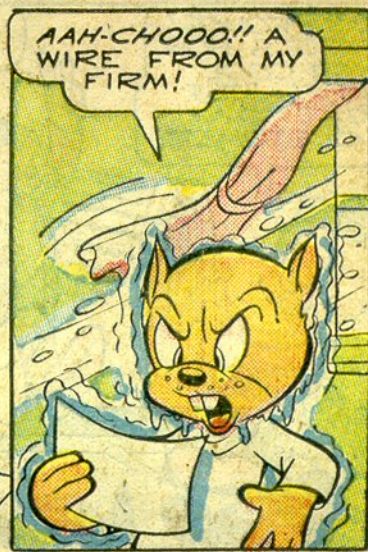
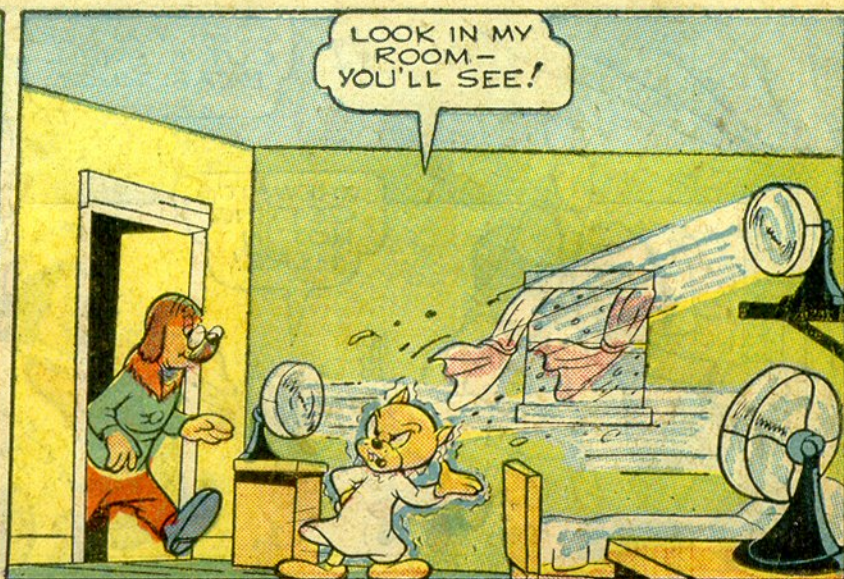






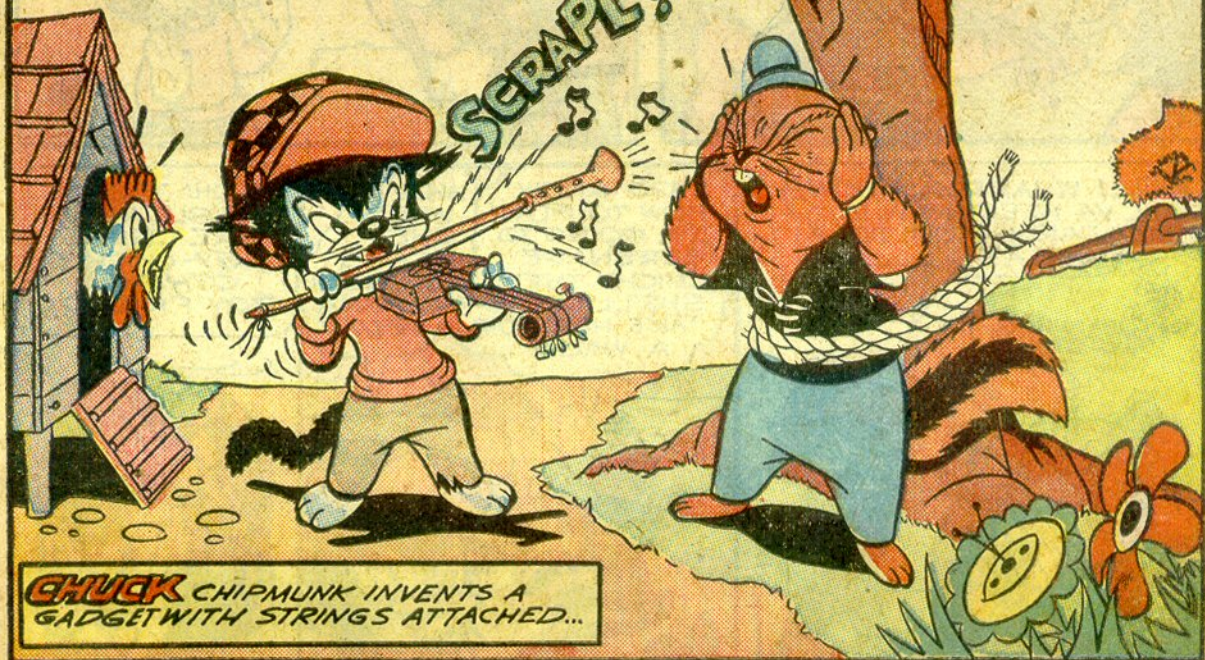






CHUCK

CHIPMUNK



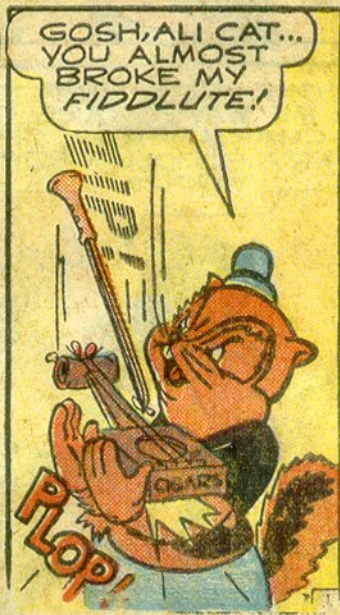
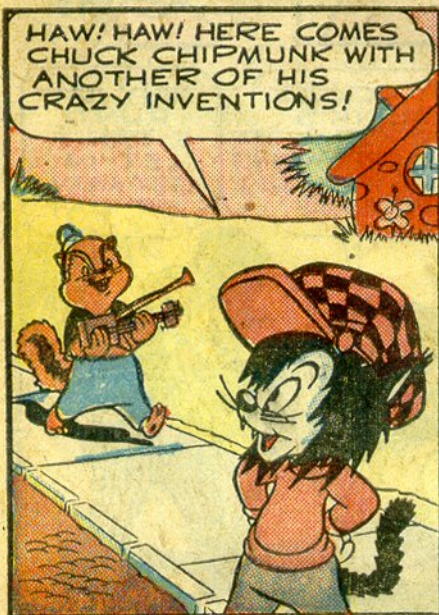
CHUCK CHIPMUNK INVENTS A GADGET WITH STRINGS ATTACHED...

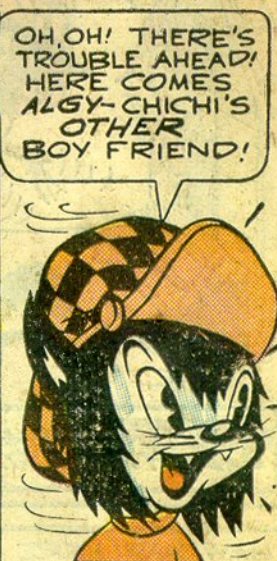
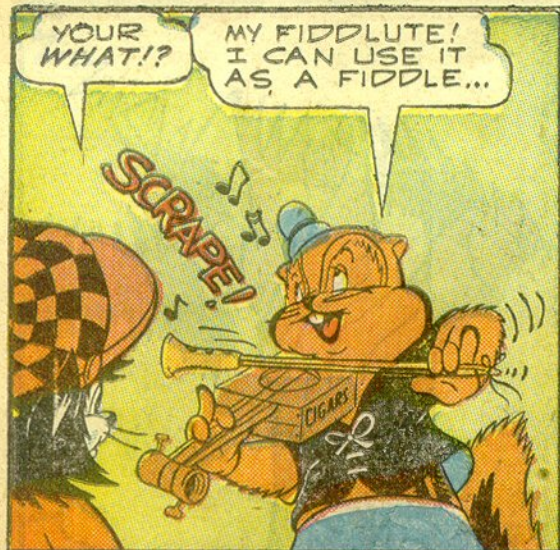
HAW! HAW! HERE COMES CHUCK CHIPMUNK WITH ANOTHER OF HIS CRAZY INVENTIONS!

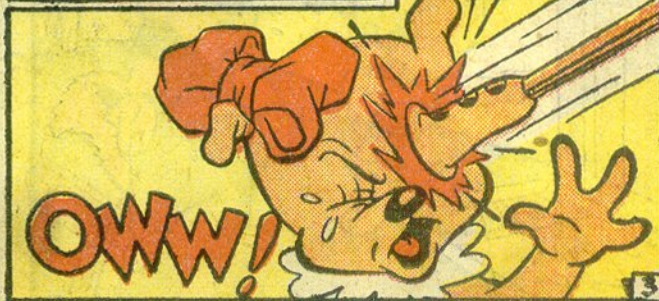
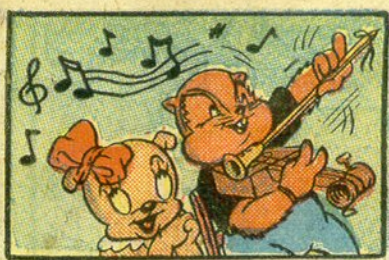
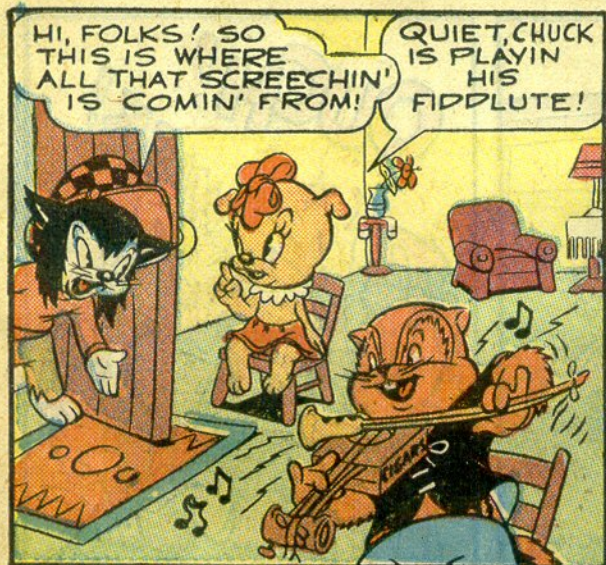
HI, PROFESSOR! WHAT JUNK SHOP DID YA GET THAT THING FROM?

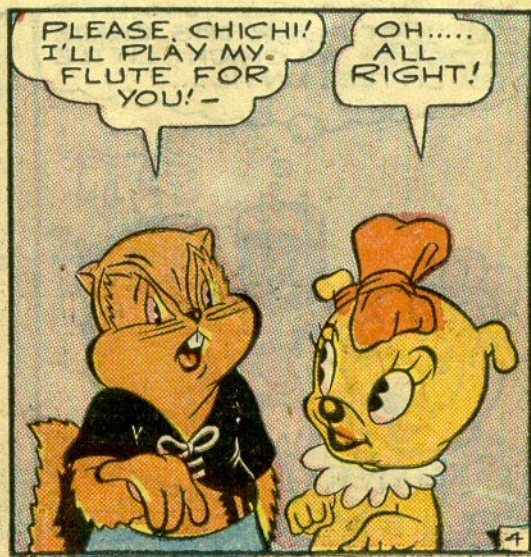
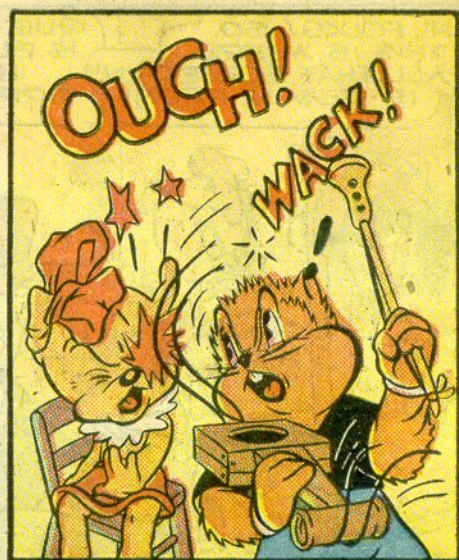
HEY! DON'T DO THAT!

GOSH, ALI CAT... YOU ALMOST BROKE MY FIDDLUTE!







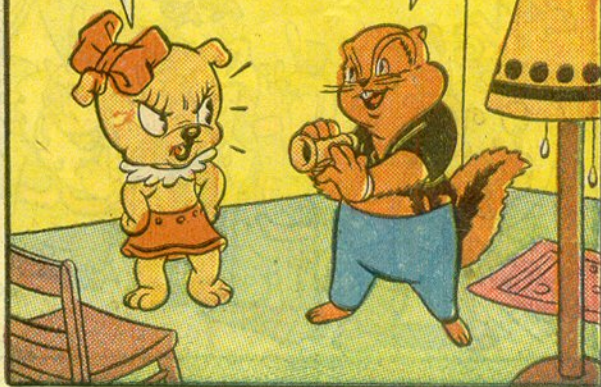


NOW FOR MY MASTER
STROKE! I'LL POUR DIS
INK INSIDE THE FLUTE!



WELL... I
HOPE
NOTHING
ELSE
HAPPENS!

HA! HA! OF
COURSE NOTHING
ELSE WILL
HAPPEN, CHICHI!



OH!!!
SPLAT!

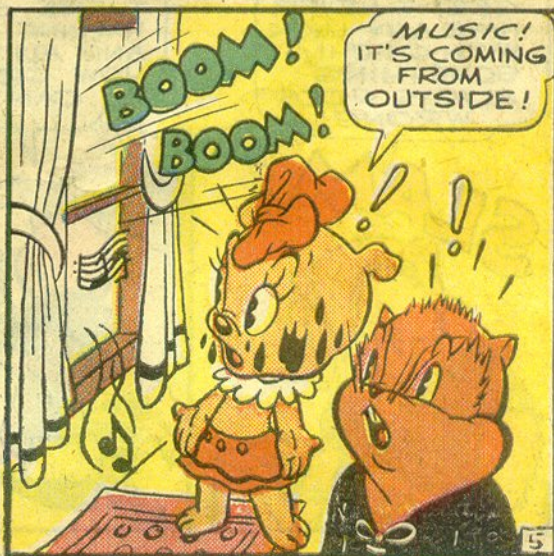


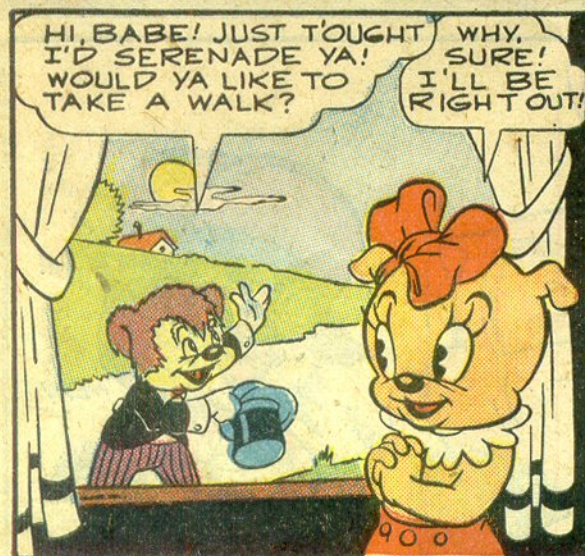
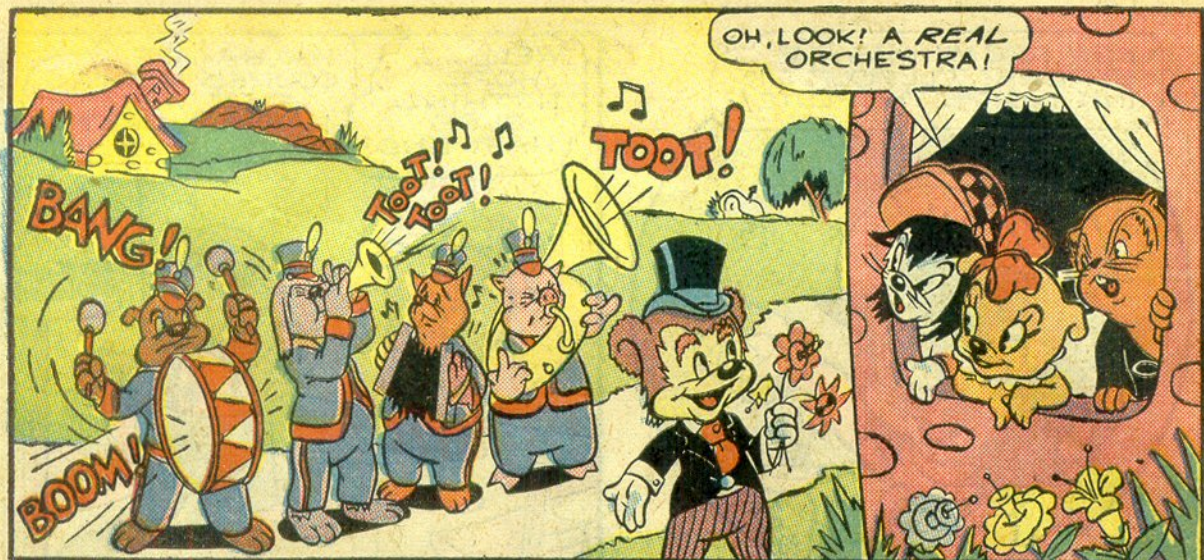
GO! AND NEVER DARKEN
MY FACE—I MEAN—MY
DOOR... AGAIN!

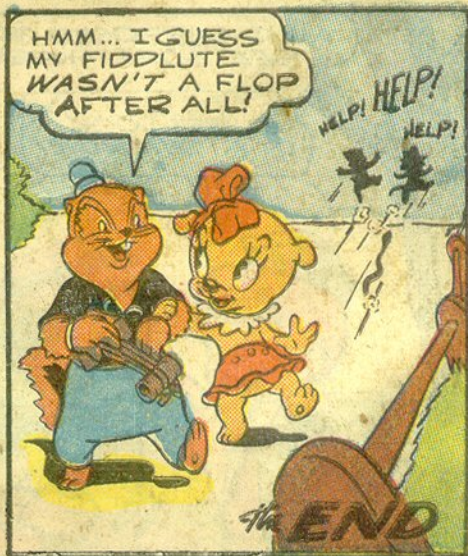
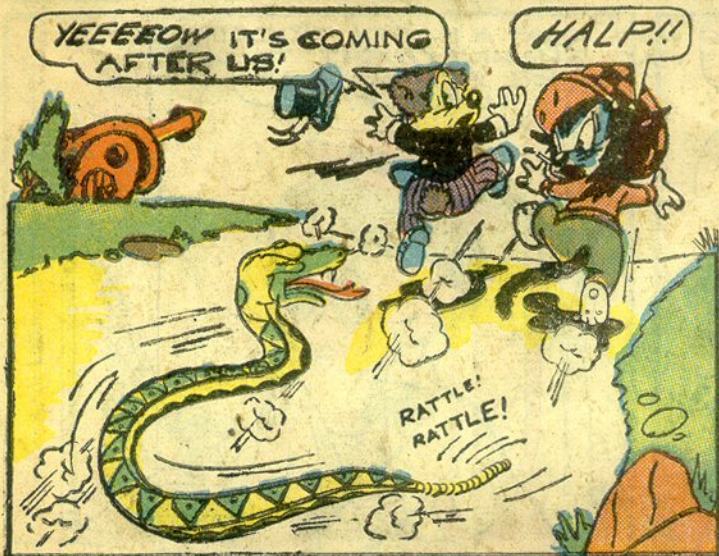
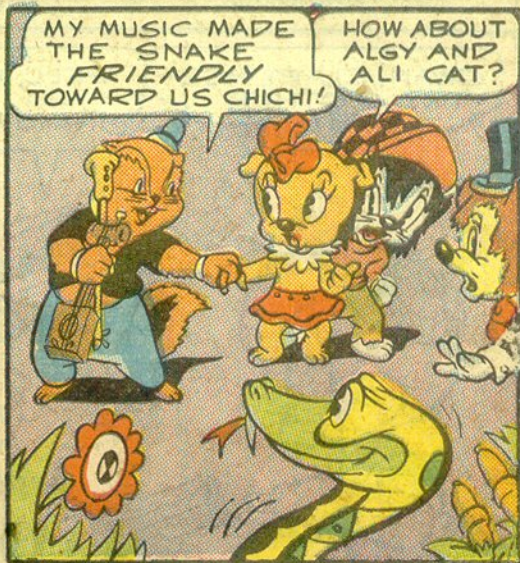
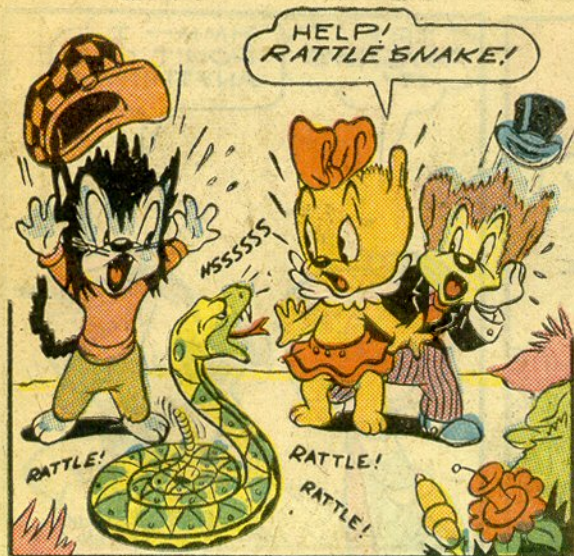


BOOM!
BOOM!

MUSIC!
IT'S COMING
FROM
OUTSIDE!







SPANKY

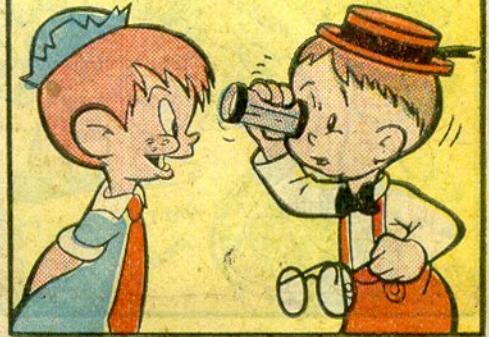
GO AHEAD, CLARENCE, OBSERVE THE SUN SPOTS WITH MY NEW SPECTRUM-SCOPE!

MY-MY!



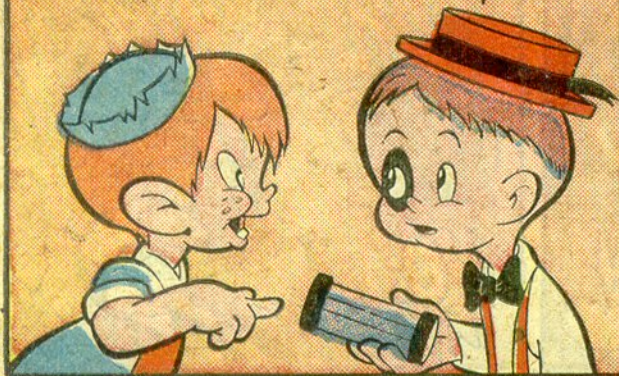
TRY TWISTING IT!

HMM-- I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!

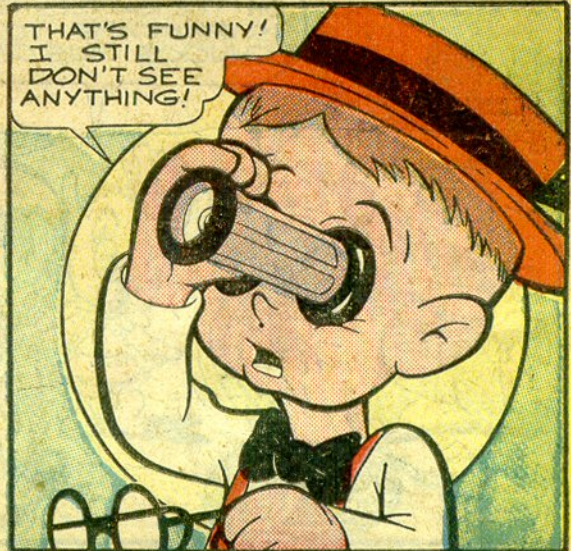


G'WAN, CLARENCE-- TRY D'OTHER EYE!

WELL, IF YOU INSIST!



THAT'S FUNNY! I STILL DON'T SEE ANYTHING!



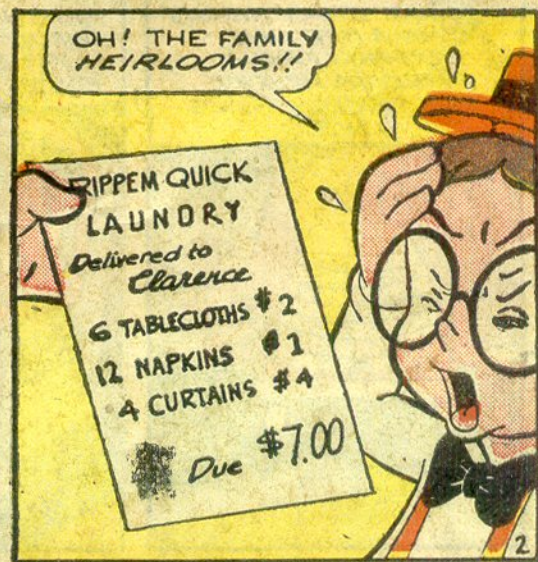
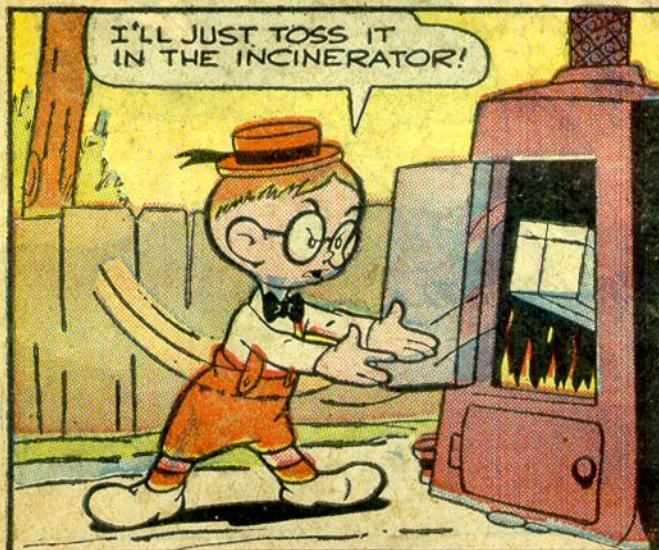
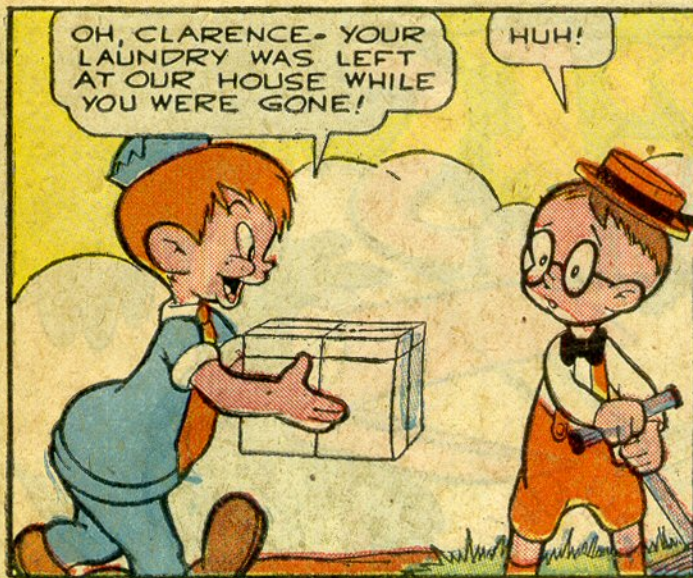
AM I SUPPOSED TO SEE SOMETHING?

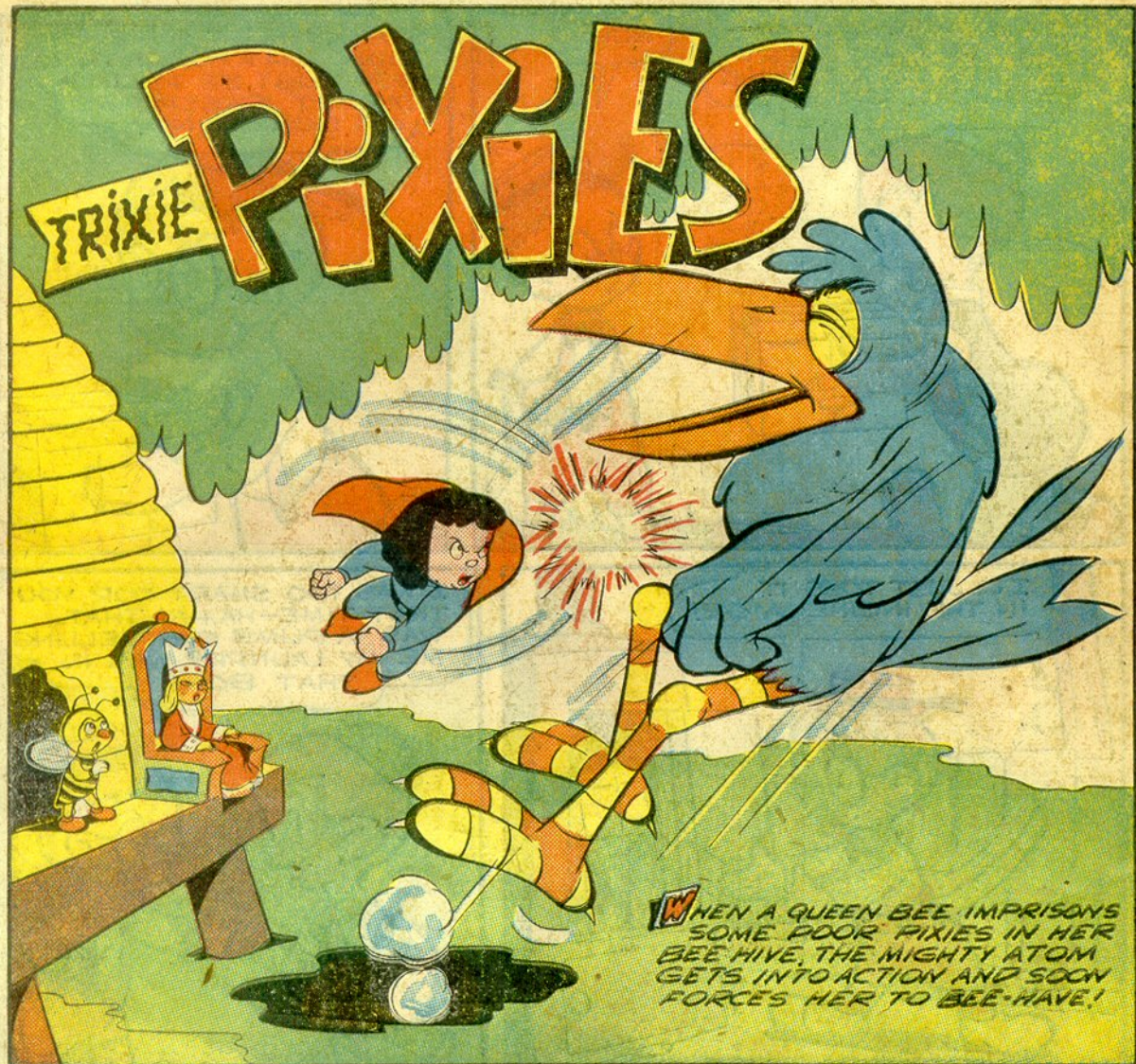
SURE! LOOK IN A MIRROR!



WHAT A NASTY TRICK! SPANKY OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF!







WHEN A QUEEN BEE IMPRISONS SOME POOR PIXIES IN HER BEE HIVE, THE MIGHTY ATOM GETS INTO ACTION AND SOON FORCES HER TO BEE-HAVE!



OUR STORY BEGINS IN A BEE-HIVE, NOT FAR FROM PIXERARY WHERE THE TRICKSY PIXIES LIVE...



YOUR HIGHNESS! IT'S AWFUL! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AT ONCE!

WHAT'S WRONG? SPEAK UP, WRETCHED BUMBLE-BEE!



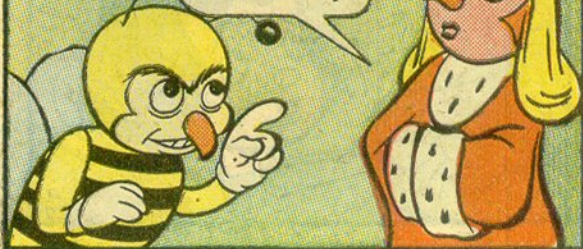
WE FORCED THE WORKER BEES TO LABOR NIGHT AND DAY MAKING HONEY! AND NOW, OH QUEEN, THEY ARE ALL ILL AND NO HONEY IS BEING MADE!

IDIOT! WHAT CARE I IF THEY BE ILL? FLOG THEM! BEAT THEM! THEY MUST MAKE HONEY FOR ME! THEY MUST!



I HAVE A BETTER PLAN, QUEEN! LET US KIDNAP SOME PIXIES! WE WILL FORCE THEM TO MAKE HONEY FOR US!

SPLENDID! THE FIRST GOOD IDEA TO COME FROM THAT THICK SKULL OF YOURS! ATTEND TO IT AT ONCE!



SO - A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, KILLER KROW, IS TO CAPTURE THE PIXIES! YOU WILL BE WELL REWARDED!

OKEY-DOKE, BUMBLE, OL' PAL, IT'S A DEAL!



AT THAT MOMENT, PETE PIXIE APPEARS ON THE SCENE!

HMM! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TWO! THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING!



LOOK! HERE COMES OUR FIRST PIXIE! HEH, HEH! HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'LL GIVE US MUCH TROUBLE!

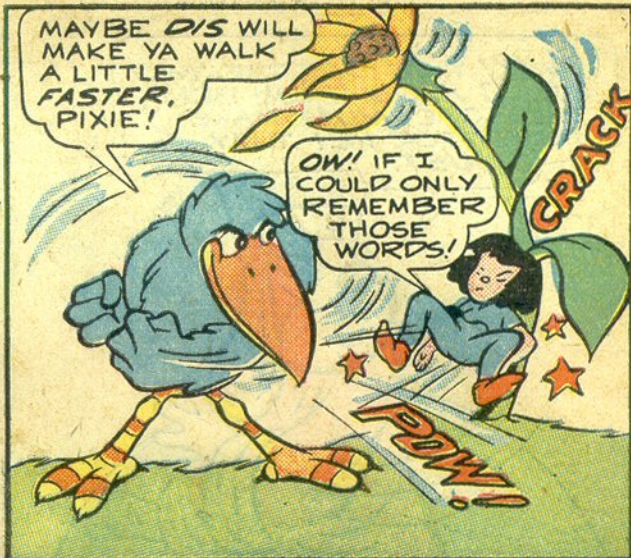
NAW! JUST LEAVE HIM TO ME!

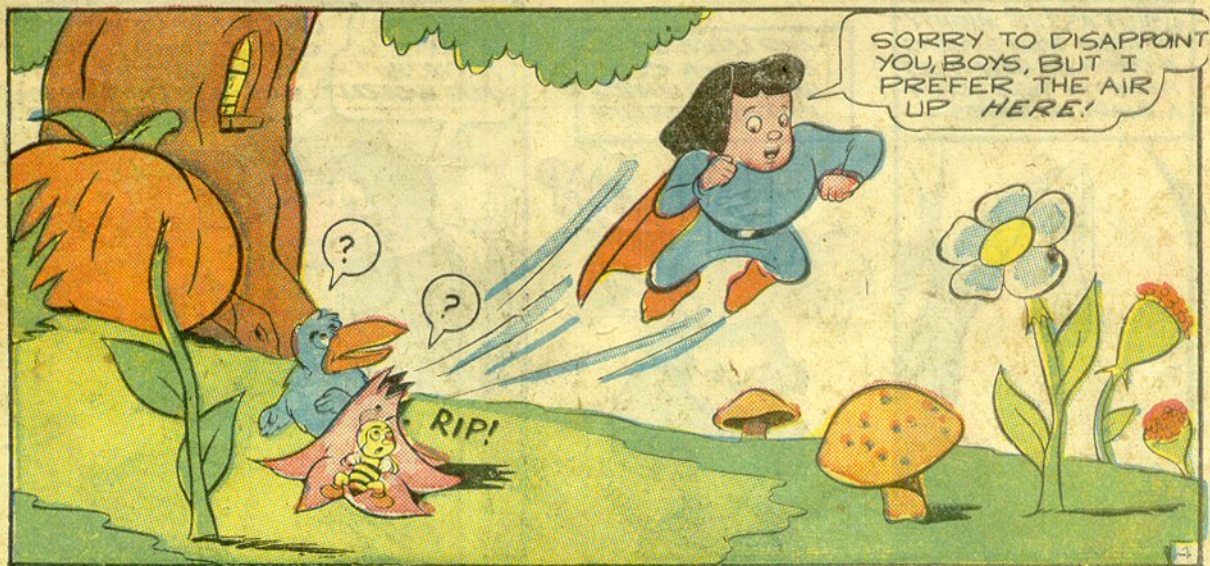
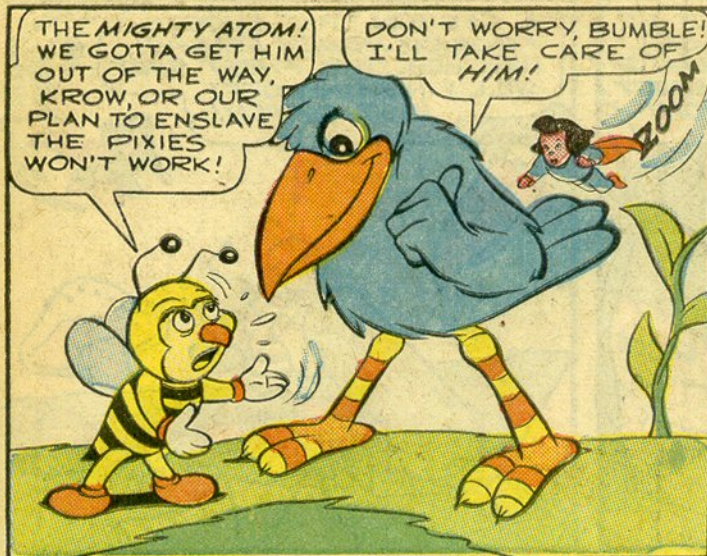


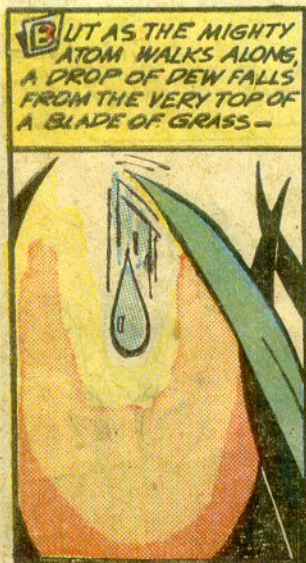
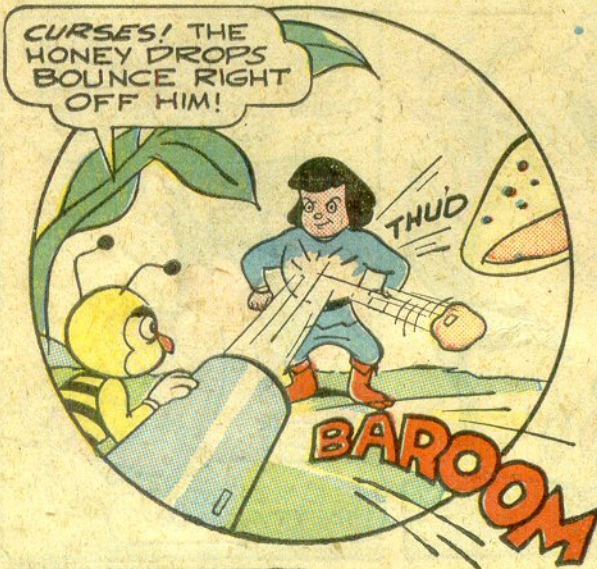
C'MON PIXIE! YOU'RE GONNA BE A SLAVE FOR QUEEN BEE!

SO! THAT'S THEIR GAME, IS IT? I'LL PUT A STOP TO IT RIGHT NOW!

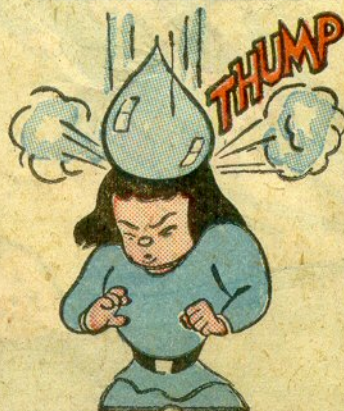


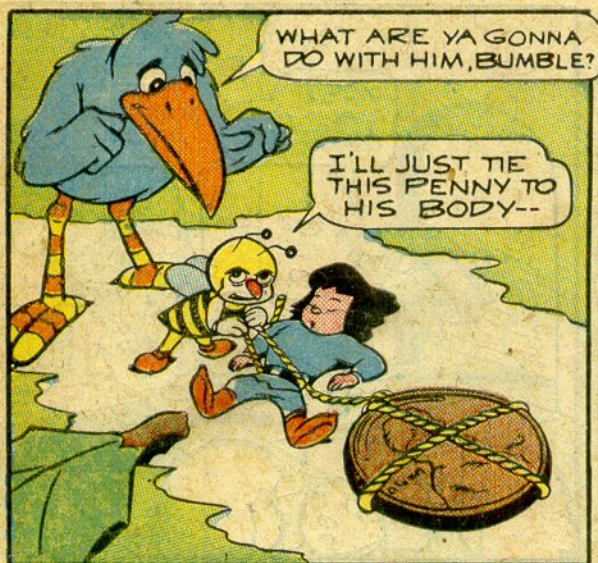


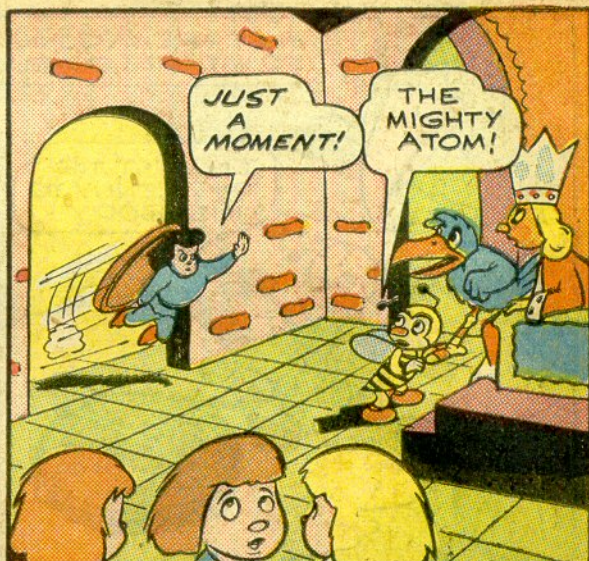




—AND LANDS ON HIS ONE WEAK SPOT—HIS HEAD—KNOCKING HIM OUT!







Calamity of calamities, the giant then put the fish in a box and covered it up with a lid! And there was Polly inside that box, too, with no air at all and nothing but an old fish for company. This was far worse than Pixerary. The fish couldn't breathe out of the water and just lay there limply. So Polly wasn't afraid of it. She just sat there on the fish's tail, her head in her hand, thinking, thinking of how to get free. Now that she had removed her hand from the fish's tail, she was shut in this box and couldn't get out.

All this time, her friend, Pete, was very busy. As soon as he missed Polly, he swam down to the bottom of the river to look for her there. It was then that he met a sea horse who told him that Polly hadn't been down to the bottom of the river at all. The sea horse suggested that Pete go back to the top of the water and look for Polly up there. As a matter of fact, he offered to give him a ride up. So Pete jumped upon the sea horse and up they rode from the bottom of the river to the top. Then the sea horse swam around for a while, but there was no Polly to be seen.

"Perhaps," suggested the sea horse, "Polly is out on the land. I'll let you off on the shore and you look for her around the shore. Maybe she's hiding under a flower or something."

Pete Pixie wandered up and down, up and down along the river's edge looking for Polly. It was a sad day indeed, for there was no sign of her anywhere. "Why, oh why, did I ever leave Pixerary?" thought Pete. "Now my dear Polly is wandering around all alone in this world full of tremendous monsters." Just then Pete saw the fisherman who had caught Polly. Of course, Pete could only see to the top of the fisherman's boots. The rest of him was too far away for little Pete. The fisherman was sitting quietly fishing, but he was so tremendous that little Pete was afraid to get near him.

Suddenly there was a terrific clatter inside the fisherman's box. He muttered, "All that noise, what can it be? Why, for goodness' sakes—it's that first fish I caught making all that noise. Think I'll open the box to see what's going on." And as he opened the box to peer inside, a little speck with flying hair jumped out and ran past him. But the fisherman was so surprised to see that the fish in his box was dead that he didn't notice the speck that flew out. "I can't imagine what made all that noise," said the fisherman. "Why, the fish is dead."

But he didn't know that it was Polly Pixie who had made all the noise. She had just kicked the box and screamed and yelled so much that the fisherman opened the box up and that's when Polly jumped out and ran right into Pete Pixie's arms.

"Oh, Pete," cried Polly, "let's go right back to Pixerary. I'd rather stay with my friends even if it's always the same there."

"Me too!" cried Pete.

And they picked up their walnut suitcases and ran back to Pixerary just as fast as they could.



SPANKY

